CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST 11 1962

MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE AUGUST 11, 1962

Man to watch: politician in the New Frontier style

JOHN IS A RICH young, handsome intelligent, tough vigorous, Catholic politician who likes a whirlwind election campaign and cuts a mean figure with the fashionable set.

What's his last name? Whoeg. It's Turner. He is John Turner, the new Liberal MP from the Montreal riding of St. Lawrence-St. George.

Before the June 18 election most people who knew John Turner remembered him as the gay young blade who danced with Princess Margaret on her 1958 tour of Canada. Since then he has emerged as the hottest new property in the Liberal Party and, at least in the opinion of most of the people who worked with him, a candidate for prime minister sometime after 1970.

As well as everything else, Turner is the closest thing to a perfectly bilingual politician that English Canada has yet produced. It's customary to speak of him as being perfectly bilingual. The only quibble I've ever heard was from a French Canadian who said that in his election speeches Turner talked of "*les issues de la campagne*." In French "*issues*" means exits. But much more significant is the fact that when this particular French Canadian talks privately to Turner, the conversation is in French.

Turner waged a real wing-ding of a campaign. He had to. Nominated late, he was hardly known in his riding, and he suffered from being thought of as something of a social butterfly. In fact he is a lawyer, and a good enough one to have been the national vice-president of the junior bar. He has studied at the University of British Columbia (of which his mother, Mrs. F. M. Ross, is now chancellor), at Oxford (on a Rhodes scholarship), and also in Paris.

There were two striking things about Turner's campaign. The first was its showmanship. The party erected a huge "hospitality tent" at the corner of Sherbrooke and Peel and flew a giant balloon with Turner's name on it as high as Mount Royal. An open-top, sightseeing bus, featuring bilingual movies of Turner, toured the riding. Apartment dwellers found John Turner would like to meet you" cards in their mailboxes and a couple of days later Turner would throw a coffee party in their building.

But even more striking was the number and the youth of the campaign workers. Especially the girls. It seemed as though every pretty girl in Montreal was working for John Turner. With Princess Margaret out of the running, Turner, at 33 and still a bachelor, must have been worth coming to the end of the party for. And perhaps the proof that he is going to be a success as a politician was that throughout the campaign all the girls worked happily together.

Turner's own vigor surprised even his organizers. He worked sixteen or more hours a day. He met, he says, thirty-five hundred people. In the French sections of his riding he held meetings entirely in French and in either language on the platform he displayed what one veteran political reporter, who saw Turner for the first time during a Pearson rally in Montreal, described as "that magic something."

Turner has burst on the political scene so impressively that he may have trouble topping his own debut. But as his chief organizer said in summing up the campaign: "John learns faster than anyone I ever saw." PETER GZOWSKI



John Turner and John Kennedy: more in common than looks

BACKSTAGE IN OTTAWA

PETER C. NEWMAN



There are still some taxes the government hasn't levied. But they'll have to come

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES of John Diefenbaker's austerity program remain obscure, but an interim assessment of its economic effects can now be made.

The dramatic national belt-tightening introduced on June 24 has stopped the run on our dollar. No group of international speculators want to put their resources against the billion dollars made available to Canada by the four most powerful banks in the world. But despite the fact that the hemorrhage of our reserves has thus been halted, there is little evidence that international confidence in Canada has been restored. The foreign investment community seems to be standing back, watching to see what the Canadian government will do next. We have yet to convince the world of our intention to follow a sane, long-term fiscal policy.

The one essential step which the government must now take — however reluctantly — to demonstrate its newly found sense of financial responsibility is to bring down a balanced budget. The intended $250 million slash in federal expenditures, plus the expected $200 million in extra revenues from the import surcharges, will cut by more than half the $745 million deficit forecast by Finance Minister Donald Fleming in his budget of April 10. That's an excellent start. But it doesn't assure a balanced budget in the *next* fiscal year.

(Whether Canada will be able to keep the announced surcharges on imports won't be clear until the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade council meeting next October. We'll be at a disadvantage there, because of past GATT sessions Canadian representatives have righteously attacked similar emergency measures taken by other nations as violating the spirit of the trade organization.)



Coming: higher taxes and — possibly — a new kind of tax

The real test of the government's intentions —whether it hopes merely to ride out the crisis or really to turn toward fiscal responsibility— will come with the re-introduction of the budget, probably in mid-October. (The election was called before the budget resolutions of last April could become law.) If the prime minister is serious about trying to restore confidence in his administration, the budget will almost certainly have to include some tax increases.

This means that the Conservative government will have to tap one of the five broad categories of tax sources:

1 Personal income tax. The fact that the current business upturn is based almost entirely on high consumer spending and that consumers have already been assessed the import surcharges, just about rules out the possibility of significant increases here. To go far enough toward balancing the budget, income taxes would have to be raised in the lower brackets, where an increased rate would bring in significantly higher revenues. That would be a hard thing to do in view of Diefenbaker's stated concern with the welfare of the average Canadian who would be hit the hardest.

2 Corporation taxes. With tight money already hampering industrial expansion, a further burden of added income tax would be difficult to justify. Besides the fall budget will have to include the corporation *cuts* proposed in last April's budget as incentives for added business production. (Under this scheme corporations will be able to deduct 50 percent of their tax on the first $50 000 and 25 percent thereafter on income which can be attributed to increased sales.)

3 Sales taxes. This seems to be the most likely (and in many ways the least painful) place for tax increases. There's been no hike in the sales tax since the 1959 budget, when it went up from 10 percent to 11 percent with the added revenue going to the old age security fund. Because it's an indirect taxation, few Canadians are aware how important a source of federal funds the sales tax has become. Fleming forecast in April that for the current fiscal year sales tax will bring in $813 millions —that's nearly half as much as the total revenue from all personal income taxes. The sales tax is applicable to all goods manufactured here as imported, except foodstuffs, building materials and most of the machinery

and raw materials used by industry, plus some items like farm equipment, which are specifically exempted. The main new area where the sales tax might be applied is in the service fields —such things as electricity and gas accounts, cleaning and shoe repair bills. A private calculation by the Canadian Tax Foundation, made two years ago, estimated that imposing the sales tax at its current rate on the nation's service industries would yield the federal treasury an extra $810 million which would double the present sales tax revenues.

4 Excise taxes. These are surcharges added on top of the sales tax on such items as television sets, cigarettes, liquor and playing cards. The major recent change here was the abolition of excise taxes on automobiles in the Conservatives' 1961 budget. They might now be reimposed in a way that would hit only luxury imported cars. Other upward revisions of the excise tax on made-in-the-U. S. luxuries are a possibility.

5 Estate and gift taxes. While the Estate Tax Act was substantially revised in 1958, Finance Minister Fleming is known to have felt for some time that the gift tax (which allows a limited distribution of wealth to prevent higher succession duties) was being abused and should be made a lot stiffer.

Whatever the Conservative cabinet finally decides to do in its efforts to balance the nation's budget will be painful for a government whose leader repeatedly boasted during the recent election campaign that he had reduced the tax burden on 85 percent of Canadians since taking office. But eating words he spoke on the hustings has in recent weeks become a necessary part of the prime minister's diet.

□ NELSON CASTONGUAY, the chief electoral officer, is one man who won't be caught unprepared for the next federal election. On June 19, just a few hours after the results of the last one became known, he placed a top-priority order with the Queen's Printer for the millions of forms needed to conduct an election. His deadline for receiving the new shipment is August 22.



U.S. REPORT
IAN SCLANDERS

How old is too old? This study of pilots could change the compulsory retirement age

COMPULSORY RETIREMENT at pension age is now so close to being universal that it's only occasionally questioned. When a man gets to a certain age, usually 65, he goes automatically to pasture, regardless of whether he feels like working or going fishing. But now some serious questions are being asked about automatic retirement and they are being asked by some of the same executives who were responsible for getting the practice firmly established a decade or two ago.

These people, having now reached the retirement age they helped to set, are saying they didn't realize they would be so much younger at 65 than their fathers and grandfathers were, that a person who wants to keep on working shouldn't have to stop when he's in the prime of life, and that the time to retire should be



Puzzle for scientists: which man is really the oldest?

determined by ability rather than birthdays.

This argument is currently receiving fresh support from Dr. Arthur Wentz, a neurologist and neurosurgeon who heads a scientific team at the Federal Aviation Agency. Dr. Wentz's project has so far attracted little attention but it may eventually be important to all of us. Specifically, the project is a study of how commercial airline pilots age and at what stage they grow unfit to fly. But its findings will probably apply as well to the rest of humanity.

With scores of pilots acting voluntarily as guinea pigs, the experiments are expected to continue for years—indeed, until death catches up with those participating in them. But they have already added a mass of proof to what was previously known about the big variation between the chronological and physical age of the individual. You can be fifty physically when you're thirty chronologically — and vice versa, if you're lucky. Your years are probably an infallible indication of the vitality or decrepitude of your mind and body.

The Federal Aviation Agency researchers, whose expensively equipped laboratories are tucked away in a corner of Washington's Georgetown University Hospital, deal in more accurate indices — biochemistry, vision, hearing, heart, blood vessels, nerves, lungs, speed and skill at perceptual and mental tests. A pilot taking part in the project spends a day in the laboratories once a year, making the circuit from scientist to scientist. On his first visit every detail with a bearing on his true physical age is recorded. This is the beginning of a profile of his aging process for on every subsequent annual visit new entries will be placed beside the old. The rate at which his hearing declined, his vision dimmed, his veins clogged and his organs were worn out — the whole story will be there.

Among the machines that the FAA researchers use in the project is one that measures the pupils of the eyes under light conditions that induce fatigue. "If a man of thirty-two demonstrates a pupil-area fatigue rate that should fall in the age-forty-seven class, we know that he's aging before his time," says Dr. Wentz. There's a camera that photographs the blood vessels in the retina of the eye. On the photographs, the size of the vessels is measured by calipers. Changes in the size of these vessels will be recorded through the years. The researchers also have an analog computer that evaluates the main factors in a man's pulmonary functions in half an hour; at the moment they're working on a method by which they can measure the volume of blood in the brain, in order to make neurological evaluations.

They hope the light all this throws on how we age will enable other scientists to prolong life and improve the health of those of advanced years. Meanwhile they're clarifying the definition of physical age, as opposed to chronological age. If anybody wants to change the basis of pension plans, so that retirement will be governed by physical rather than chronological age, they'll have facts and figures for the actuaries to feed into the hoppers in the not-too-distant future.

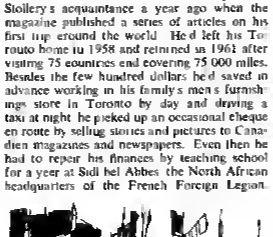
What does Dr. Wentz himself have to say about the proper age for retirement? He leans toward the theory that it depends on the person and points out that Dr. Ward Halstead of the University of Chicago and Dr. Ralph Raitan of the University of Indiana turned their microscopes on a number of the executives who helped to set sixty-five as the retirement age and who now say this was a mistake. The findings of Halstead and Reitan, the "performance deficits" of some of the complaining executives, warrant retirement; others remain extremely useful men.

POSTSCRIPT

Remember Peter Stollery? He's back in the Sahara, with bullets popping all around

AUSTERITY OR NOT, a growing army of Canadian dry dreamers cling tenaciously to the dream of Travel. To most of them, Travel means the Taj Mahal by moonlight, pressed duck at Maxim's, a pink beach in Bermuda, in short an unapologetic vision of luxury. To Peter Stollery a remarkable young haberdashery salesman and cab driver, Travel means July in the Sahara. October in the jungle, hunger, scorpions, thirst, malaria, food-poisoning, bullets whistling overhead, bombs exploding underfoot and last but not least a ceaseless war with red tape on some of the world's most dangerous and uncomfortable frontiers.

Maclean's readers first made the 26-year-old Stollery's acquaintance a year ago when the magazine published a series of articles on his first trip around the world. He'd left his Toronto home in 1958 and returned in 1961 after visiting 75 countries and covering 75 000 miles. Besides the few hundred dollars he'd saved in advance working in his family's men's furnishings store in Toronto by day and driving a taxi at night, he picked up an occasional cheque en route by selling stories and pictures to Canadian magazines and newspapers. Even then he had to repair his finances by teaching school for a year at Sidi bel Abbes, the North African headquarters of the French Foreign Legion.



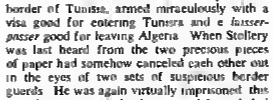
When Peter Stollery travels, he takes his life in his hands

When he finally reached North America again he didn't have a dime to phone home.

This summer Stollery was again contemplating the world from what many people would regard as its least attractive address — somewhere in Algeria. Having spent the intervening year building another small grubstake he'd headed once more for Sidi bel Abbes to look up the friends of 1961 and see how they were faring in the bloody climax of the Independence. But renewing old acquaintances among either Sidi's 50 000 Europeans or 50 000 native Moslems proved extremely difficult. "After seven o'clock in the evening," he wrote in one of his few messages back to Canada, "the town sounds like a shooting gallery. The European centre is like a city-state. It is run by the OAS. The Arab part is run by the FLN. The street my window overlooks is the border. If I should cross the street to see friends in the Arab quarter the chances are I wouldn't get 100 yards without having my throat cut. If I did get to see them and get back alive, the OAS would get me tonight."

After six days and nights imprisoned in a ringside seat Stollery decided he'd seen enough alfresco murder. He made his way to the border of Tunisia, armed miraculously with a visa good for entering Tunisia and a *laisser-passer* good for leaving Algeria. When Stollery was last heard from the two precious pieces of paper had somehow canceled each other out in the eyes of two sets of suspicious border guards. He was again virtually imprisoned, this time in a no-man's land protected by a lethal electric fence 200 miles long. It was from there that his latest communication arrived in this office, announcing the sender had (a) $1 40 in Algerian currency, (b) a terrible toothache, and (c) no immediate intention of coming home.

RALPH ALLEN



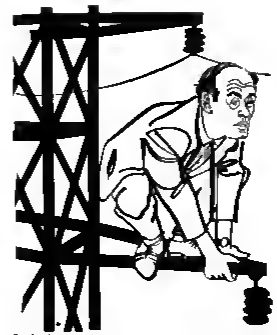
QUEBEC REPORT
PETER GZOWSKI

Lévesque promised to make all of Quebec's power public. But he may have to retreat

THE MOST IMPORTANT political issue in Quebec is what is going to happen to private power. The answer to this question will be given when the government either takes over or announces that it will not take over the Shawinigan Water and Power Company and its subsidiaries, Quebec Power and Southern Canada Power.

Shawinigan is a genuine pioneer company in Quebec. It has been making and selling electricity here for more than sixty years and it provides some 17 percent of all the power in the province. It is now at the centre of a controversy that just possibly could spell the end of the Quebec Liberal party as we now know it.

The man who is almost solely responsible for the campaign to nationalize Shawinigan—integration with the Hydro Quebec network is what you're supposed to call nationalization here—is Rene Lévesque. Lévesque, the former radio and television journalist who is now minister of natural resources, has made no secret of his belief that "we need state control in electricity and we're going to get it." How many other members of the cabinet share this position is not publicly known, but it is pretty clear that the most important of them, Premier Jean Lesage, does not— at least did not when



René Lévesque: will he fall off if his power play fails?

this was written. Yet Lévesque has made his case so often and so loudly that many people—including some of his closest associates—feel that if the government's final decision is that it should not move in on Shawinigan, Lévesque has no choice but to resign. Lévesque's political stock is fairly low at the moment—he threw himself into the campaign to elect Maurice Lamontagne to the Inne federal election and Lamontagne was trounced—but he is still an idol of the Liberals in Quebec and because he is unflinchingly honest and thoroughly dedicated, he has set a new high standard for politics here.

The end result could be tha formatioo of a new provincial party of the left. A lot of people in Quebec are now amusing themselves by stringing together names who might with Lévesque, form this new party if Lévesque were to quit the Liberals. The three men most commonly named are Jean Marchand, president of the Federation of National Syndicates who is deeply disturbed by the turoads of Social Credit; Jean Drapeau, mayor of Montreal and an astute politician and, surprisingly, Jean Jacques Bertrand, the Union Nationale politician who was defeated by Daniel Johnson for that party's leadership. (It's hard to imagine Drapeau or Bertrand in a party that could be described as "left," but perhaps some compromise could be found.)

This is a long, speculative reach from the issue of Shawinigan, and of course none of it may ever come to pass. But it is indicative of the bitterness with which the Shawinigan battle is being fought. A few weeks ago, a young public relations officer working for Shawinigan went from Montreal to Quebec City. He wanted to enlist someone from the provincial press gallery to act as one end of a pipeline to the company. (Several Quebec firms use such private sources.) He had no success, but by the time he had returned to Montreal there was a widely circulated rumor that he had been in Quebec only to dig up personal dirt about Lévesque. Since I've raised the issue, I should in fairness to Shawinigan add that the PR man was reprimanded on the grounds he *might* have been trying to overdo his job.

Shawinigan claims with a lot of justification that it sells power at no excess profit to itself (5 1 percent last year). Half of its shareholders are Quebec residents and eighty percent of its employees are French Canadians. Levesque, however, insists that the present system of pert public, part private ownership causes great inefficiency in the distributiou of power and that power is owned by the people as a whole (Shawinigan says the rivers are owned by the people but private capital has developed the power). Lévesque also points out that the private power industry now pays more than $15 million in taxes to Ottawa; this money would stay in Quebec under a state system.

Shawinigan's approach seems to have been that Lévesque's arguments are based on emotion—on nationalism, if you like—and the way to answer them is with facts. But at the same time, the Shawinigan group has been trying to establish itself as a French company by such devices as registering its name in French and by appointing a new vice-president of public relations named Maurice d'Amours.

Why has Lesage not yet made up his mind? Two reasons are likely. One is that, as Shawinigan has argued, any takeover of a private company might tend to scare off potential new investors. (Lévesque says investors would be *attracted* by an efficient power system.) The other reason is simply that all the private power companies in Quebec (Shawinigan is only the biggest) would cost about $350 million to buy now and the province hasn't got that kind of money to throw around.

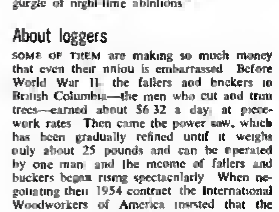
FOOTNOTES

About soundproof rooms

THEY'RE THE LATEST thing in hotels. To shut out the screams of jets, the Constellation, a hotel now being built near Toronto airport — rte part of a trend to overnight accommodations near airports — will have ten inch-thick outer walls, eight inch-thick inner walls, and glazed, vacuum-sealed windows. The floors and walls between rooms will jul three feet beyond the outer walls, forming a grid to deflect sound waves. Even the plumbing will be wrapped in heir felt to muffle whei ane architect calls "the distracting intermittent gurgle of night-time ablutions."

About loggers

SOME OF THEM are making so much money that even their union is embarrassed. Before World War II, the fallers and bnckers in British Columbia—the men who cut and trim trees—earned about $6 32 a day, at piecework rates. Then came the power saw, which has been gradually refined until it weighs only about 25 pounds and can be operated by one man; and the income of fallers and buckers began rising spectacularly. When negotiating their 1954 contract the International Woodworkers of America insisted that the 1953 piece rates be written in as the standard minimum rate on all future contracts. Now fallers and buckers earn an average of $44 a



The chain saw made fallers and buckers into aristocrats

Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

day, which is more than any other woodsman earn and more even than some foremen get. When negotiations opened this spring for a new contract the companies submitted a brief to the B C labor relations board, complaining that this situation creates a morale problem among the crews. The union agreed that wages were out of proportion, but for a different reason: some fallers and buckers who wanted to get rich quick during the logging season were quite literally working themselves to death. The union asked for a $32-a-day flat rate for fallers and buckers. The company said no to the unions and countered with an offer to reduce the piece-work rates for fallers and buckers by 20 percent. The union said no to the companies. The provincial mediator said no to the union and the companies. Instead, he suggested a 16c-an-hour increase for everybody in the industry—including fallers and buckers who would get the hourly increase added to their piece-work pay. After the usual menacing hesitation, both sides accepted the mediator's suggestion and last month signed a two-year contract. That means fallers and buckers are still earning more money than anyone else in the woods.

About finding your way

IT'S EASY if you happen to get lost in a field of winter wheat. All you have to do is dig down to a couple of stalks and look at the roots. Department of agriculture scientists recently discovered that winter wheat always spreads its roots in a north-south direction because of some mysterious power of the magnetic poles. Now the department is advising farmers to plant their rows of winter wheat in an east-west direction in order to help hold the soil in place during rain and wind storms.

About nurses

A NEW ELECTRONIC GIMMICK is making their lives a little easier. In the Sault Ste. Marie Plummer Memorial Hospital, authorities recently installed a two-way communication system that allows one nurse to sit at her desk and talk to any patient on the floor. The patient's set, which looks a little like a portable transistor radio without a dial, can broadcast radio or the audio of a TV set — with the nurse controlling the volume from the office.

EDITORIALS

Why Canada needs a new kind of nationalism

JOHN DIEFENBAKER will make Canada's last stand against Britain's entry into the European Common Market at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London early in September. Most of his objections will make sense, as far as they go, Canada, and almost every Canadian, will be poorer for a while — although not necessarily poorer in the long run — if Britain acts for her own advantage instead of ours. But Britain will look after herself whether we like it or not. And if she gains entry to the Market, the greatest question that will confront John Diefenbaker, his political opponents, and the rest of us this fall will be how, for the first time in our history, to look after ourselves.

There have been several times in the last few years when we probably should have asked ourselves just what we mean by *look after* ourselves, but we didn't ask. Now we have to—or, to put it another way, if we don't ask ourselves now we'll miss what may be the last chance we'll ever have. Lately we have had some brutal proofs of weakness when we had been priding ourselves on strength. The world had to put up a billion dollars to shore our sagging credit; we are the only 'advanced' nation in the West living by an austerity regime. We have certainly not stopped being proud, but if Britain finally and sensibly cuts us off for her own advantage in September we will have at last reached the place where we have to decide what to be proud of.

For our part, we believe that our national pride and our national ability to look after ourselves are almost the same thing, and that in any case both are jeopardized by a national unwillingness to look at the second half of the 20th century not as Laurier promised it to Canada but as events have made it. While John Diefenbaker opposes Britain's bid to enter the Common Market, John Kennedy proposes what Washington calls a Grand Design to make the U S the Common Market's partner.

Contrary to what the prime minister has said, nothing disqualifies Canada from associate membership in the ECM — the Treaty of Rome allows association by non-European countries and even provides for amendment of the treaty to accommodate them. Several imaginative proposals have been draughted for redividing production in some industries between Canada and the U.S. — instead of duplicate plants turning out duplicate products on both sides of the border, we would produce some lines for sale in both countries and American plants would do the same thing.

Common market membership, common production programs — these, or other measures like them, would make us match our brains and abilities against the best at work outside Canada. We would run risks: it's a put-up or shut-up game. But unless we want to become an industrial backwater feeding on a kind of banana-republic nationalism and not much else, it's the only game in town. To play it we will have to adopt a radically different, critical kind of nationalism. Instead of seeking shelter from competition for the goods we make, the ideas we hold and the institutions we support, we will have to throw them into competition with the best of their kind and improve them if they don't stand up. This is the only kind of nationalism that will serve our real purpose: the preservation of Canada's political integrity and intellectual character in dignity and vigor, not fear and trembling.

KEN LEFOLII

The economy needs more small investors. This is how the government can help attract them

AT A TIME when the restoration of confidence in the economy has become a matter of national survival, there is one small vital step we believe Canada should take. This is to establish a federal commission for policing the sale and trading of securities.

It's a move that would help reattract the small investor — frightened away by too many fraudulent stock promotions — into providing some of the capital it will take to create the million new jobs we'll need during the next five years.

Our present system of having security regulations enforced by ten provincial commissions has resulted in a hodge-podge of statutes which encourage the bucket-shop operators to hop from province to province without being caught. And, as Walter Cameron, chairman of the Saskatchewan Securities Commission, recently pointed out, if they *are* caught, their fines "constitute little more than a license fee for illegal activities, negligible when weighed against even such minor items of overhead as stenographic costs."

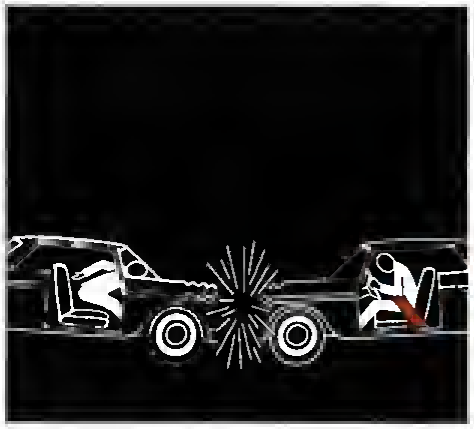
The members of Canada's investment community have opposed a national securities commission, mainly on the ground that the industry is quite capable of policing itself. While the overwhelming majority of Canadian investment houses are honestly managed, it seems to us that the industry has amply demonstrated its inability to control the outrageous promotions of its marginal operators. The Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington recently compiled a list of 250 objectionable Canadian companies and instructed American postmasters to stamp their mail "fraudulent."

Another objection to a Canadian version of the American S E C has been that such a federal body would merely be a bureaucratic addition to the existing provincial organizations. The real point is that a single well-run, regionally administered federal exchange act would simply replace the provincial commissions.

The main objective of the Ottawa securities watchdogs should be to facilitate the flow of venture capital into the economy. No country can grow as long as its own citizens hesitate to turn their savings into the risk capital required to stamp the humps of new mine headframes and the angular silhouettes of new factories on the national skyline.

PETER C NEWMAN





How an auto seat belt could save your life...

Look closely at the picture shown above. You'll see the difference between life or death—the difference between slight or critical injuries in many automobile collisions.

The difference is the automotive seat belt—one of the most effective items of protective equipment now available for your car. According to the Canadian Highway Safety Council, seat belts if used by all drivers could save many lives each year—including perhaps, your own—and reduce deaths and serious injuries by one third.

One of the chief causes of death and injury on our streets and highways is being thrown forward with crushing force against the steering wheel, dashboard or windshield—or being hurled from the car to a collision.

A seat belt restrains you. It lessens the impact of the blow. It keeps you in the car where you are safer.

Seat belts should be snugly fastened every time you drive—on short trips around your community at moderate speed or on long trips. Seat belts are especially important for youngsters who can be thrown forward so easily in sudden stops or swerves.

A separate seat belt should be provided for each passenger—in the back seat as well as the front. It takes only an instant to fasten and release the belt buckle—a habit that can become as automatic as closing the doors of your car.

Of course seat belts are no guarantee against death or injury in severe accidents. So if you install them in your car, don't develop a false sense of security. Don't take unnecessary risks. Seat belts are simply an added safety factor. *They are no substitute for careful driving.*

No driver is too experienced to benefit from a review of his driving habits. Since when have you brushed up on yours? You'll find many "reminders" for your safety and pleasure in a booklet from Metropolitan Life called *Guide to Good Driving*. Return the coupon below for your free copy.

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE August 11 1962 VOLUME 75 NUMBER 16

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MAILBAG

Why some people think Basil Dean is absolutely right
Fallout from the atom bombers, "moral contamination"

Every word of Basil Dean's fine article. We on the right have no vote (June 30) is appallingly true. Canada is in a financial crisis today because for years we have lived beyond our means, maintaining a high standard of living that we have not earned. We have consistently encouraged the shiftless to live well without working and have discouraged those who want to provide for themselves. Politicians seemingly do not realize how many middle income people are sick and tired, not only of being bribed with our own money but also of paying the bribe to the lower-income groups who often live better than those who are paying the shot. —W. CHAPMAN, KINGSTON, ONT.

A policewoman's lot

As a player in Eric Hutton's The great traffic ticket game (June 30), here's what happened to me in Ottawa the other day. I dashed out of the twenty-ninth minute to buy another half hour at the parking meter painfully aware that I had only folding money and that change would not be obtainable at that time and place. As I reached my car the meter popped up and one of Ottawa's lady cops came



round the corner. She listened to my mutterings and watched me fumble for a moment. "Dear dear," she said, "no change to be had and your time is up and you simply can't leave yet." She fished around and just like a dame, came up with a coin purse. "This time it's on me," she said. She pushed a nickel into the meter, tossed me a glance and walked off whistling, swinging her stick and things.—T. L. VAN DUSEN, OTTAWA.

Is Zimmerman Everymae?

Your June 2 issue included a cartoon by Al Kaufman the subject of which was a Mr. Zimmerman. Now what I want to know is whether Zimmerman has replaced Smith or Millar as "Everyman"? Has it supplanted Sod grass for ridicule?—WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, WINNIPEG.

Footnote to the oldest war

Peter Whalley (Sweet and Sour) a salute to fathers (June 16) of course is a male. It seems to me a growing number of North American male editors, writers, broadcasters, and cartoonists are revealing themselves to be when it comes to women hopelessly outdated, bigoted, cowardly and selfish. Perhaps the added venom and persistence of the attack in Canada can be explained by our famous unfortunately complex. Canadian men feel they must have some living creature close at hand lower than themselves.—IRENE GARDINER, OTTAWA.

The legacy of the Atom Bombers

Brigadier General Tibbets (The atom bombers speak, June 30) has given us the classic statement: "If we had to have things I favored bigger things." In Jacob Beser's formulation, it runs: "The manner in which people die in a global war is only a matter for academic discussion." Does it really make no difference when the victims are babies, mothers, aged, noncombatants? By this deed of massive and indiscriminate murder we Americans have acquired a moral contamination that shrieks to all eternity.—GEORGE KOSKI, WHITEWOOD, SASK.

"Your article, The atom bombers speak, is quite interesting. How about Jacob Beser, "Any guilt feelings? Absolutely and unequivocally none. The manner in which people die in a global war is only a matter of academic discussion." Why so much fuss about the six million Jews killed in Germany?—G. F. HUBER, LABELLE, QUE.

Beginning the antitransistor trend

I wish to thank Al Kaufman for his cartoon (June 30) showing the kids with a portable radio on the streetcar with the caption "Portable jamming device." Where can I get one of these? It is truly horrendous having to listen unwillingly to ads for used car dealers, number nineteen on the hit parade and reports of the biggest and best traffic snarls.—MARY BOYCE, TORONTO.

The pros of spanking

Dr. Bernhardt (The case for taking children away from their parents, June 16) neglects to take scientific cognizance of the beneficial effects of a sound spanking properly administered. While his grandiose plan of control is undoubtedly inspired by the most laudable motives there is one pertinent question. "What qualifications must the nonrollers possess who is to select them and once their position has been institutionalized, who will control the controllers?—KEN BESHAUR, DURHAM—NORTH CAROLINA.

"If a good spanking when the occasion arises does nothing pro or con for the child it may do much for the mother's emotional stability.—MRS. J. PRYOR, TORONTO.

"Dr. Karl Bernhardt presents many ideas with which any reasonable person could not help but agree. But he then demonstrates an illogical bias by making no constructive suggestions except more expansion of professional social machinery.—STANLEY D. MEADOWS, VANCOUVER.

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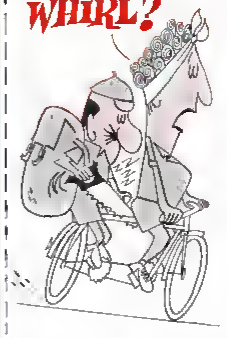


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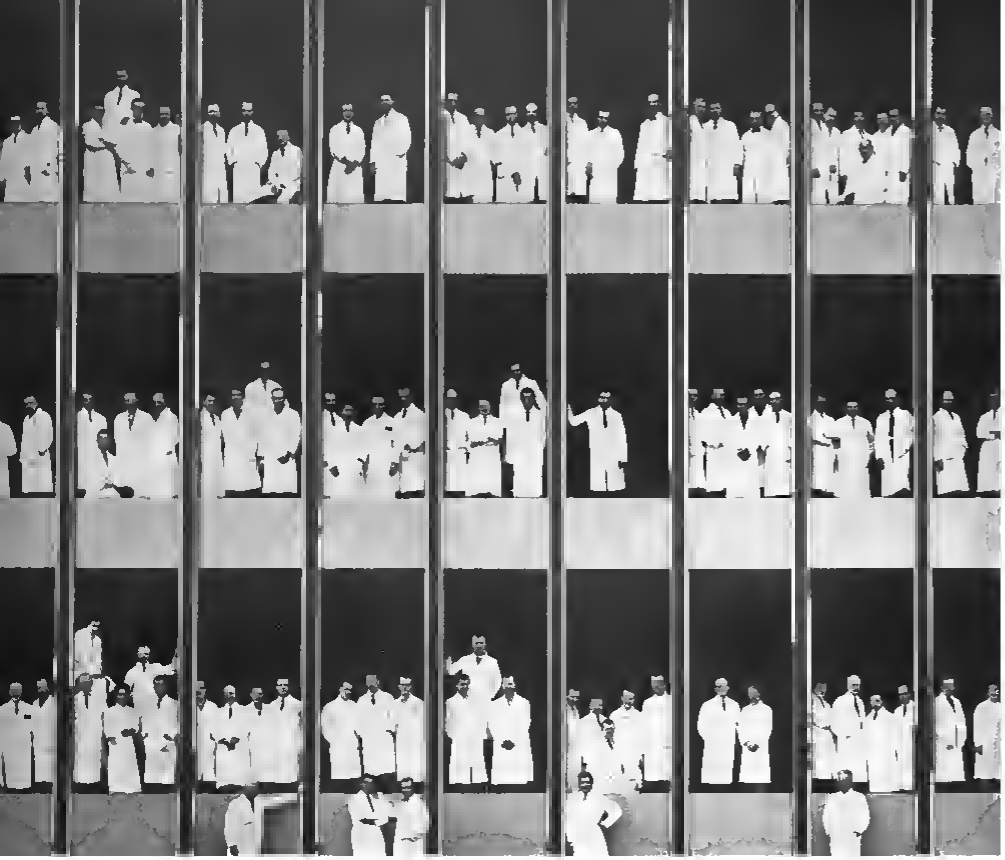
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101 Imperial scientists and technicians pose for their pictures in the ultramodern wing of Imperial's research laboratories at Sarnia. Not shown: another 104 members of the Sarnia research staff and another 130 who work in Imperial laboratories at Calgary.

90% of all oil company product research in Canada is done by Imperial

At Sarnia, Ontario, and Calgary, Alberta, Imperial operates the largest petroleum research laboratories in Canada. At Sarnia, the company's scientists and technicians are working to improve present products and to develop new ones. Their research covers many fields, from gasolines to household detergents. At Calgary, Imperial research personnel are exploring means to find and produce more Canadian crude oil and natural gas. Imperial does more research than all other oil companies in Canada combined.

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"PEACE"

GETS A FRIENDLIER HEARING IN THE U.S.A.

BY IAN SCLANDERS
Maclean's Washington Editor

THE WORD "PEACE" has been appropriated so frequently and distorted so much by the Russians that millions of people in the United States have for years associated it with communism disloyalty and other things that the professional patriots lump under the heading of "un-American." Most of the same Americans have looked with almost instinctive suspicion on groups identified as Peace groups. But lately the word and the new movements it stands for have been regaining respectability.

It may have been mere chance that it was chosen as half the name of the Peace Corps—that successful manifestation of the desire widespread in the U. S. to win friends and promote peace by sending out emissaries who are genuinely friendly and unpatronizingly helpful. It is definitely not chance that with national elections coming up in November a score of men and women are campaigning for Congress with the acknowledged backing of Peace groups, on platforms they frankly and unabashedly call peace platforms.

What this betokens is the new and rising prestige of the Peace groups and a growing realization by Americans that it is possible to crusade for peace without being guilty of treason or starry-eyed folly. Actually not one of the major Peace groups taking an active part in U. S. politics today is on the attorney general's list of subversive organizations—organizations the government believes to be dominated or heavily infiltrated by communists. Most of them have the same peace and disarmament goals as President Kennedy himself although they disagree with him on how to attain them.

Candidates of the Peace groups are in the election race as Democrats, Republicans and independents but plainly label themselves Peace candidates. How they CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Pacifists say they alone can save mankind but, so far, they've lost more battles than they've won; 32 went to jail after demonstrating (left) at the Atomic Energy Commission, New York

CONTINUED late at the hands of the voters will cast fresh light on the strength of the American sentiment for disarmament. Yet the very fact that they are running at all is an indication of an emerging Peace movement that could eventually checkmate the influence exerted at Washington by right-wing extremists of the "let's-drop-the-bomb-now" stripe, by weapon makers who profit from international tension and by missile-rattling brass hats who extol the virtue of "pre-emptive action," the Pentagon phrase for striking the first blow.

The unprecedented number of Peace candidates — in the last election in 1960 there was just one — is by no means the only sign of a burgeoning Peace movement. Indeed so many Peace groups are being formed in so many places that Turn Toward Peace, which was set up as a co-ordinating body and has offices in New York, Washington and Berkeley, California, is having difficulty keeping track and has no estimate of their total membership.

While hardly anyone right-wing, middle-of-the-road or left-wing, doubts that most Americans want peace, so divergent are their views on what should be done to prevent war that even the avowed lovers of Peace subdivide into two categories — those who designate themselves ironically as "nonpacifist," and those who designate themselves as "pacifist." While they co-operate closely and Turn Toward Peace embraces both factions, there are big differences in their ideologies.

The pacifists insist that the U. S. should disarm even if communist countries don't. They adamantly oppose military service and feel that it is immoral to pay taxes to a government that spends vast sums for military purposes. When they are conscripted most of them, as conscientious objectors, seek noncombatant assignments. A few go to prison rather than do any kind of compulsory duty. Still others are imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes or, as some do, for withholding from tax payments a percentage equal to the percentage of the federal budget allocated for defense. They tend to have deep religious convictions and quite a high proportion are Quakers. The pacifists I have talked with have, without exception, studied the life and teachings of Mohendas K. Gandhi. They are anti-segregationists and often participate in protests against discrimination.

NONPACIFISTS PAY FOR ADVERTISING

The nonpacifists, while nearly all of them demand that nuclear testing be halted immediately on the grounds that it is unnecessary and is jeopardizing mankind, are neither conscientious objectors nor advocates of unilateral disarmament. They are for a negotiated stage-by-stage multilateral disarmament, which is what President Kennedy and his Disarmament Agency have said they are for.

At the moment it's the nonpacifist Peace groups that appear to be growing fastest and doing best. Their lobbyists command a fairly respectful hearing from Washington legislators. It's the nonpacifists who have financed most of the considerable amount of Peace advertising that has been inserted in the last four or five months in newspapers like the New York Times and the Washington Post, which are closely read by political leaders.

The largest nonpacifist group is the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy — generally referred to simply as SANE — which claims 125 chapters or branches and a membership of 25,000. Recently SANE paid $4,800 for a full page advertisement in the New York Times. Three quarters of this was devoted to a striking picture of Dr. Benjamin Spock, author of the famous book on child care, looking gravely down at a tiny girl. The caption below the picture said: "Dr. Spock is worried and what followed stated in part: "As the tests [of nuclear bombs] multiply, so will the damage to children — here and around the world. Who gives us this right?"

BUT PACIFISTS GET IT FREE

The day after this was published a woman walked into SANE's New York headquarters and plumped down a check for $5,000 "to help put Dr. Spock's message in other newspapers."

The size of her check was unusual. It's seldom that a Peace group, pacifist or nonpacifist, receives a contribution that exceeds $25 and the average is between $5 and $10.

Practically all the peace advertisements in the U. S. press have been variations of the theme that nuclear testing cannot be justified and disarmament must be pursued with more vigor and less mistrust.

If the nonpacifists have been behind most of the advertisements, the pacifists have been behind most of the stories on the front pages. They've defied the authorities by venturing into nuclear test areas in the Nevada desert. They've tried to sail home-made boats to distant test zones in the Pacific, even to board Polaris submarines. They've staged sit-downs in Times Square and picketed the Pentagon and the White House. They've endured Peace marches from San Francisco to Moscow, from Kittery, Maine and Philadelphia to the United Nations at New York, from the UN to Washington. In mid-June three parties of marchers reached Washington the same day, one from Chicago, one from Nashville, Tennessee and one from Hanover, New Hampshire.

Shortly after, in a speech to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Assistant U. S. Secretary of State J. Harlan Cleveland said the Peace marchers proved that "we live in an open society in which baiting the authorities has not lost its zest," and that their slogans, clichés, banners and parades were fun. But if you talk with pacifists you realize that they don't bait authorities because they find it zestful and that their slogans, clichés, banners, hikes and parades CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

A boy's strange story:

OLD AGE AT ELEVEN

"He was the saddest child I've ever seen," his doctor said. He was brave, too, and because of this medical science may yet learn how to prevent other children from dying of old age

BY SIDNEY KATZ
MACLEAN'S ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, is a Pacific coast community of 14,000 people which lies about 100 miles south of San Francisco. Straddling the rich and fertile Pajaro Valley, it has long been known as the frozen food locker of the United States. The black earth spews forth everything in abundance—grapes, artichokes, almonds, apples, broccoli, green beans and berries of all kinds. It was in this lush setting that there recently unfolded one of the most bizarre medical case histories of modern times. It reached its tragic climax on February 6, 1962, with the death of a young local inhabitant, eleven-year-old Arthur "Tito" Baldov, the son of a vegetable packing plant employee.

Arthur Baldov died of a rare disease known as *progeria*, which is the latin term meaning "prematüre old age." By some unknown error of nature, the aging process — or some phenomenon similar to it — takes place in the body of the progeriac with whirlwind speed. At eleven, Arthur died of "old age." He resembled a wizened old man: his skin was rough and wrinkled, only a few hairs remained on his head, the veins of his scalp protruded. His real teeth had long been replaced by false ones. Because of stiffness of the joints, he had walked with difficulty, like a stooped and aged man. His voice had been high and squeaky. He had suffered from arteriosclerosis—abnormal thickening and hardening of the arteries—a disease associated with aging. On two occasions, Arthur had had heart attacks. At the famous Stanford Medical Centre at Palo Alto, California, where Arthur was frequently a patient, doctors stated that the immediate cause of his death was arrhythmia, a breakdown in heart rhythm that prevents the flow of blood.

Arthur Baldov's spirit, like his body, aged prematurely. At nine, he was like a grumpy old man," recalls his mother, a salt-spoken woman in her mid-thirties with a Madonna-like face. He complained about the noise of younger children at play. He preferred adult pastimes, such as checkers and cards. He talked a great deal about God and religion. "He had an unusual sense of responsibility," says his mother. "Toward the end, he was handling the family budget, telling me how much I could spend on each item." Mrs. Baldov never got used to the tragic and baffling ailment which plagued her son during most of his lifetime. She recalled the moment at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, February 6, when he died in her arms. "It was an old man I cuddled, but he was still my little boy," she said.

Mrs. Baldov's bafflement is shared by medical scientists throughout the world who have been puzzling over the riddle of progeria since 1886. That was the year a Scottish physician, Dr. J. Hutchinson, published in the Edinburgh Medical Journal the first recorded account of the disease. A survey of the international medical literature reveals that, since then, some thirty-four cases of progeria have been discovered in the United States, United Kingdom, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, The Netherlands, Poland and Egypt. I have read the medical reports of most of these cases and they show a remarkable similarity.

The family of the progeriac is completely unprepared for the tragedy which lies ahead. There is no hereditary history of family illness. The other children in the family are healthy. The mother's pregnancy and delivery are uneventful. The progeriac child is born normal in every respect. He teethes, walks and talks on schedule. However, usually between the first and second year of life, the first disquieting symptoms appear. The mother takes him to the doctor because he's not growing or gaining weight as quickly as he should. Furthermore, his hair is beginning to fall out. The doctor prescribes special diets, gives injections and attempts other types of therapy—but they don't work.

THE QUICK MARCH TO SENILITY

From then on, the disease proceeds inexorably on its course to the end. The patient's size remains fixed at about the normal level for a six-year-old. The hair continues to thin out, leaving nothing but a whispy fuzz on the head. Eyebrows and eyelashes vanish. Fingernails become brittle and dry and start to atrophy. Subcutaneous fat diminishes, giving the skin an old, wizened appearance. The voice becomes squeaky and piping. Because the face shrinks in size, the head appears to be abnormally large. The jaw recedes and the nose becomes beaklike. Decalcification of bones makes the arms and legs thin and spindly. At the age of five, arteriosclerosis sets in, making movements of hands, arms and legs difficult. Death from heart disease, usually occurs between the ages of ten and twelve, although one Dutch patient survived until he was twenty-seven. After examining photographs of a dozen progeriacs, one might conclude that almost any two are identical twins, so strikingly similar is their appearance. Dr. Nathan B. Talbot of the Harvard Medical School describes them as "a weird and unique picture of immaturity upon which has descended the blight of premature senility."

AND HOW A CHILD FACED IT

What causes progeria? This question is of intense interest to medical scientists because the answer might shed considerable light on the mysterious process of aging. But we are still far from finding a satisfactory explanation of the disease. There are almost as many opinions concerning the causes of progeria as there have been cases. Some years ago, a French investigator suggested that hereditary syphilis could be a factor. A Dutch doctor, W. A. Manschot concluded that progeria was "a form of pituitary dwarfism" while two French pediatricians, Drs. Varrot and Piroaacan, stated that the condition resulted from malfunctioning of the adrenal glands. In the opinion of Dr. Ira M. Rosenthal of the University of Illinois, progeria was due to "an inborn error of metabolism," while Dr. A. Mostafa of Cairo University is convinced that the disease is a familial, inherited condition — a view which is rejected by most medical men. These divergent opinions lend weight to the statement by Drs. J. Thomson and F. O. Forbar of the Dundee Royal Infirmary that "we are no closer to understanding progeria than was Dr. H. Gilford." Gilford was the doctor who gave progeria its name after publishing two complete accounts of the disease in a British medical journal sixty-five years ago.

The brief life and death of Arthur Baldov of Watsonville, California, may provide new clues to the origin of progeria. During his final stays at the Stanford Medical Centre, he uncomplainingly allowed himself to be studied. Dozens of urine, blood and breath samples were taken. He was injected with radioactive substances. An intelligent youngster, he knew what was happening. "The doctors can't help me, but perhaps they'll be able to help somebody else," he told his mother, shortly before he died.

It was a life whose beginning held no hint of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

BIGAMY: HOW TO SPOT THE MARRYING KIND

The law catches 40 or more bigamists each year, but nobody knows how many hundred more it misses. Here, the best of them tell how—and why—they collect wives **BY JOY CARROLL**



Six woman man: *Joseph LaVear, Canada's champion of bigamy, found wives weren't cheaper by the half dozen. He paid with a three-year jail term after one wife spotted him in Winnipeg.*

NEARLY FOUR OUT OF EVERY FIVE Canadians marry and remain more or less happily married ever after. About one in five marry and then separate or get divorced. These incomplete statistics leave room for a small minority who never marry at all—and for an even smaller minority of restless people who seemingly can't get enough of marriage.

So they commit bigamy, a crime which newspaper reporters and readers tend to regard as a rather humorous aberration, but which the lawmakers of the English-speaking world classify as no less heinous than murder or treason, although the penalty is somewhat less severe. (Under British law, on which Canadian and even U.S. statutes are based, only bigamy, homicide and treason are crimes for which a citizen can be tried at home no matter where on earth he commits them. Other crimes can be prosecuted only in the sovereign state in which they are committed.)

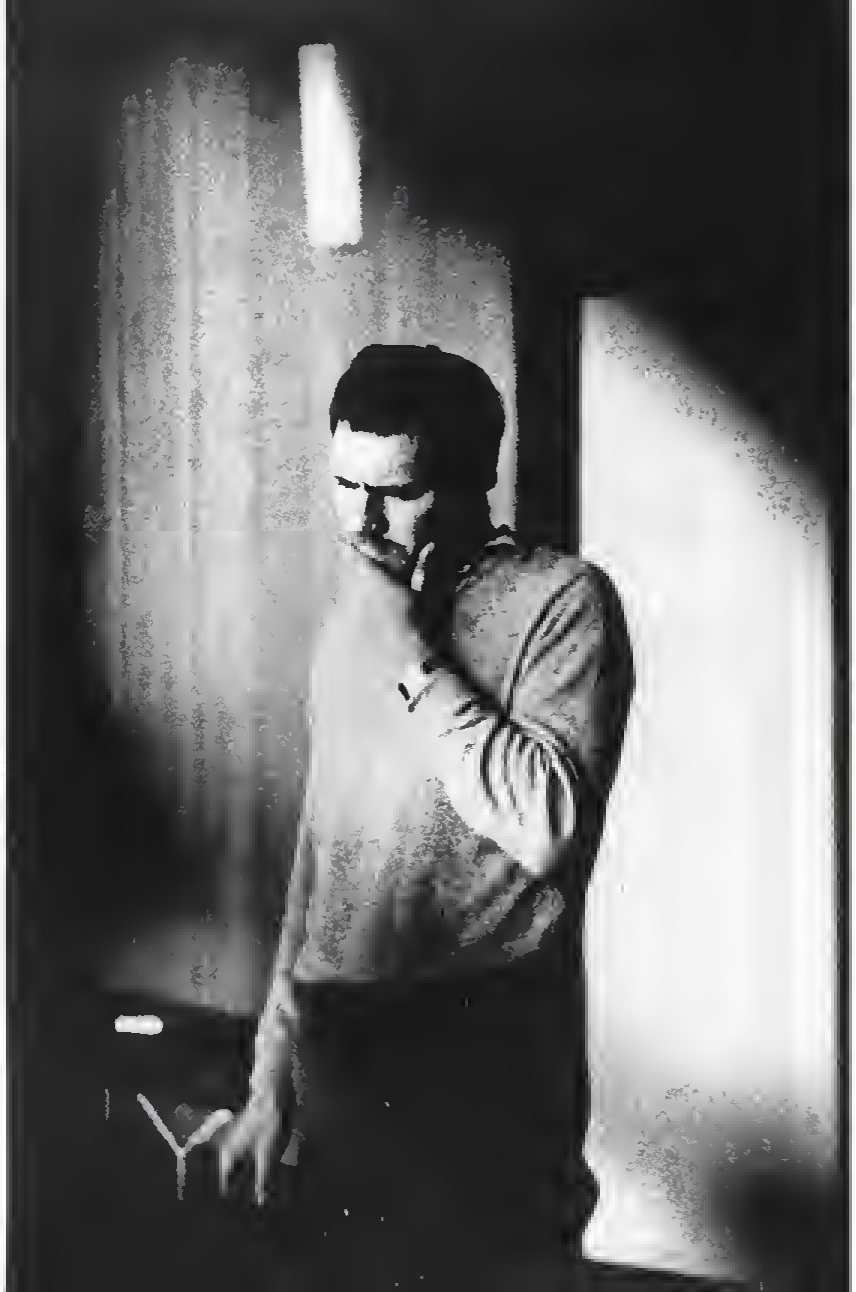
In recent annals of Canadian bigamy, two men stand out as co-champions, each with a score of six marriages. They are Joseph LaVear of Winnipeg, and Seward Garwood of Sudbury. This year both were serving three-year terms. (The maximum sentence for bigamy in Canada is five years, but actual punishments range all the way down to suspended sentence. Bigamy, however, has the highest ratio of convictions to arrests of any crime. Once discovered, it is an easy crime to prove.)

"THIS IS MY HUSBAND, CALL POLICE"

LaVear started his marriage career in England as a handsome young trooper in a Canadian Scottish regiment during World War II. He married a Surrey girl, separated from her in 1947, joined the U.S. army and married a girl in Birmingham, Alabama. Later, he was deported and married in turn girls in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto. Back in the U.S. he married for the sixth time and was again deported for other reasons.

In March 1960, he was walking down Portage Ave. in Winnipeg when he was spotted by the wife he had married in 1953. She accosted him. He denied his identity — but graciously invited her to his hotel for a drink. On the pretext of writing an IOU to her employer for a loan, the Winnipeg girl wrote: "This is my husband. We are going to the Oxford Hotel. Call police." LaVear's long career in marriage had come to an end.

Garwood, a slight, balding man in his forties, spread his marriage activities around Sudbury and Port Arthur in northwestern Ontario, with one sortie into the U.S. and another into British Columbia. Unlike most bigamists who play no favorites among their wives, Garwood told the court that when CONTINUED ON PAGE 45



Buildup at Stratford: *In the theatre's empty lobby four hours till curtain Christopher Plummer begins his long intense transformation into the hysterical villain demanded by director Peter Coe's controversial Macbeth*

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Somewhere backstage: *As tension mounts Kate Reid tries to think of anything but her part — and fails*

TOP STARS, TIGHT NERVES

Chris Plummer and Kate Reid tough out a new kind of Macbeth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON NEWLANDS STORY BY BARBARA MOON

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER — thirty-three, bearded, glittering raised in Senneville Que — plays Macbeth and Cyrano de Bergerac at this year's Stratford Shakespearean Festival

Miss Kate Reid — thirty-one ginger topped, orphan-eyed raised in Oakville — plays Lady Macbeth and Katharina in The Taming of the Shrew

For eight years and nine seasons Stratford has cautiously been hedging its Canadian histrionic bets with imported celebrities (and indeed with important nonentities) But this year for its tenth season it has boldly given all its roles to its own Festival company What is more important by awarding four great title parts to two Festival-bred players it has at last presented Canadian theatre with an authenticated Canadian leading lady to match an undoubted Canadian leading man

The gift has been accepted by the public with heartening composure the preopening box office sale was record-breaking by early July it looked as though receipts for the season would surpass a million dollars And though the critics seemed to find it infuriating the hottest ticket of all was the play that puts the two against each other Peter Coe's curious, sad "mad "extraordinary" production of Macbeth It has visual effects after Bruegel It has a psychological line after Nietzsche—a hypertense boy-earl ripened to manhood by sin his mothering wife returned to childishness by silly remorse It has offstage sound-effects after Zane Grey Thentre (birds, mahogany hoofbeats, a whinnying horse) But whatever else it has two leads who take the stage altogether like stars.

Nine years ago when the Festival was founded neither was considered worthy even of a walk on part Plummer who calls Miss Reid the biggest personality in Canadian theatre had to prove his worth on Broadway and at Stratford Conn- before he was finally summoned home to play Henry V in the 1956 season Miss Reid who calls Plummer "an extraordinary actor—getting fantastically better" had to wait till 1959 to win even so secondary a role as Emilia in Othello Yet, though both had had star billing and star dressing rooms before both say Stratford established their real prestige "It was the turning point" says Miss Reid gratefully "It put me in the international star circuit" says Mr Plummer ditto



Chance suppertime encounter: *Kate waits. The pace is too fast!*



The tension breaks: *Kate makes a quick grab for Plummer's beard*

CONTINUED



The performance ended *Plummer is sweat soaked and stopping from his dying plunge to a pool. After a shower he will dodge risking a cold by using a hair dryer. But unwinding from his turbulent Macbeth will take him several hours more.*



Lady Macbeth discarded *Reid [illegible] from the Royal Ballet [illegible] quickly hides a photograph of his children. Before she flees the theatre to be alone*

Curtain: Plummer slumps while Reid bolts

BEING A STAR AT STRATFORD, or anywhere, is far from easy. It takes a brutal rehearsal schedule—eight weeks, ten hours a day. And even at 10:30 at night Miss Reid, leaving rehearsal sometimes passed Plummer going in to work on his own till the small hours.

It takes endless humility. In her first season Miss Reid already an established Canadian actress went to a voice coach and said: "Take my voice apart and put it back together properly." She still works with a voice coach.

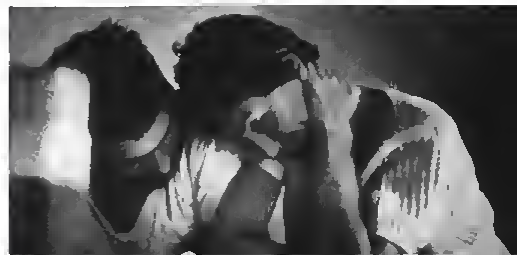
It takes arrogance of the kind that once led Plummer to snatch away a copy of the text from a heard ed gentleman on the aisle who was following a play with his finger instead of his emotions. It takes utter oblivious involvement — and that spate of chemicals into the bloodstream — that can render an actor insensible even to pain. Plummer has played variously with a broken ankle, a dislocated knee and a deep gash in his foot and never limped till he got offstage.

It takes guts, mother-wit, all his private life can teach him—and more. "It always takes more than I think I have to give," says Miss Reid. "Two things I want to get out of myself," says Plummer. "A sense of mystery and—something I think I'm beginning to touch on for the first time—complete love and generosity for someone else."

Perhaps it also takes the all-dawn parties, the fast cars, the fits of giggles, the compulsion to over eat, Plummer's deep bitten fingernails and Miss Reid's panic flight from the theatre after each night's curtain calls before anyone can get backstage to talk to her and so tip her over into tears. ★



Macbeth fades slowly *Plummer becomes himself again at home with his wife*





This page: *Popular art's top seller is Wined's October Morn Bunnist International Ltd $9.95 framed. Other favorites Mumie's La Valse ©Edward Gross Co Inc., $13.98 unframed; bi Muniague Dawson ©Frost and Reed Ltd $4.98 framed.*

Facing page: *Women prefer scenes of Paris and flowers. Men buy landscapes like A. J. Casson's White Pine Sunspun-Matthews Ltd. $18. Popular with both sexes is Hulett's Tavern on the Green New York Graphic Society $20.*

Modern art that everybody understands

THESE ARE THE PICTURES MOST PEOPLE ACTUALLY BUY IN 1962

BY ROBERT FULFORD

THE PROFESSIONAL PAINTERS OF CANADA have never had it so good. There have never before been so many art galleries showing pictures or so many collectors willing to surrender good money in return for canvas covered with paint. The rich and the well-to-do of Canada, like their counterparts in all the western democracies, are in the grip of what an art dealer friend of mine calls his eyes gleaming, art hunger.

But these people and the painters who please or excite them, are only the most visible section of the art market. Consumers of art are divided into two sharply distinct classes: the painting-buyers, whose activities are widely publicized, and the reproduction buyers, who are allowed to operate in near-secrecy. The reproduction buyers are by far the more numerous.

They buy something like 20,000 reproductions a year at a cost of something like half a million dollars. They pay anything from $1.98 to $60 for what they hang on their walls but, as often as not, they pay more for the frame around the picture than for the picture itself. Painting buyers on the other hand, pay as much as $1,500 for a Canadian painting and several times that for foreign ones, the frames usually come free.

The two worlds know very little about each other, since contact is limited: painting buyers go to art galleries while reproduction buyers go to department stores. This isolation is fortunate, since an inhabitant of either world would be baffled in the other. The standards are radically different, and so are the names you hear.

In the art galleries these days the abstract painters occupy the front of the stage; in the department stores they are rarely given even the status of bit players. The stars there are painters of landscapes and French street scenes. In the art galleries you hear talk about Harold Town and Jean-Paul Riopelle and Fred Varley; in the department stores these names fade into the background, to be replaced by those of people like Peter Hayward, Robert Specter, and Robert Wood.

These painters are all pretty famous unknowns. Their works decorate the homes of thousands of Canadians, but nobody ever mentions them on television, invites them to conferences on the arts or asks their opinions about anything. Harold Town has been the subject of articles in every major magazine in Canada as well as some minor ones, but the people who outsell him by a hundred to one are never referred to in public. It is as if reproduction art were somehow scandalous and the persons who bought it were some isolated backward tribe which respectable people preferred not to discuss.

Reproduction-buyers are poorer than painting-buyers, certainly, and their activities provide them with considerably less prestige. But they have one enormous advantage: nobody tries to tell them what to do. There are no critics in the world of reproductions (nobody reviews the latest silk-screen at Eaton's), and nobody demands that reproduction buyers support unknown struggling young artists. Nothing is asked of them but their money.

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A FOND FAREWELL TO TORONTO

After two years as editor of Maclean's, Blair Fraser left Toronto last month to become overseas editor in London. This is what he remembers now about the city he once thought he had every reason to dislike

FIFTEEN YEARS IN Montreal and then sixteen in Ottawa give a man a double dose of Canada's endemic disease, Torontophobia. He knows and believes all the standard jokes—first prize one week in Toronto, second prize two weeks in Toronto. I spent a fortnight in Toronto one weekend. Toronto would be fine if it didn't have so many Torontonians, and so on. Two years in Toronto looked like a grim exile—in fact, that's one reason why I stipulated it should be two years and no more. Now the two years are up, and I find I'm no longer qualified for membership in Canada's largest and least exclusive fraternity: the Toronto-haters.

The town is no Garden of Eden. It has faults like any place else, but the conventional critic doesn't know what they are. The ones he loves to talk about, the themes of all those tired old jokes, don't exist any more.

Let's start with the commonest of all the common scoldings, the internationally notorious Toronto Sunday. In the small Nova Scotia town where I was born there were two things for a boy to do on the Lord's day—go to church in the morning and Sunday school in the afternoon. Because our parents were unusually lax we were allowed to go on picnics on summer Sunday afternoons, and even to go swimming, but many a contemporary was less fortunate and spent the whole day immobilized in his blue serge suit.

From what I've gathered in later life, this was true all over Canada. When we mocked and pilloried the Toronto Sundays we were really picking a scapegoat for the sins of every English-speaking community from Middle Musquodoboit to Saanich, B.C. Up to fifteen years ago, they tell me, the cliché had at least the merit of being true—Toronto actually did have a Sunday as tightly closed as Sundays in most Canadian towns still are. But here are some of the things you can do in Toronto on Sunday nowadays to begin with, you can go to a professional ball game—though few do, and the Maple Leafs are said to be losing money. Or you can go to watch the Italians and Hungarians massacre each other at soccer, assisted by imported professionals from various lands. You can take in a show at one of a hundred movie houses, some of them little theatres giving long runs to European films that most Canadians never see at all. You can also, by an interpretation of the law that was strenuously debated but accepted in the end, watch a strip tease or Minsky-type burlesque show, if you want to. (At least, you could until recently, but burlesque isn't madly popular in Toronto and its leading theatre went broke a year or so ago.) As a rule the seven legitimate theatres are not open on Sunday, though there are almost as many exceptions to that rule in Toronto as there are in London. Any other night you can go to a play. There was at least one week last winter when you could have gone to a different play every night, Monday through Friday, and then spent Saturday evening at a night club watching a real native Canadian comedy team, complete with native jokes about Diefenbaker and Mackenzie King. There were also about a hundred and fifty concerts last season, counting the major jazz presentations but not the small ones that go on all the time in coffee houses. And you could spend every afternoon, if you liked, at different exhibitions of paintings in the four public and twenty-two commercial art galleries.

You can also dine out in Toronto. Canada as a nation is not a gourmet's paradise—it's doubtful if we have a restaurant in the whole country that would rate even one star in the French guide Michelin. But if we have as many as two dozen worthy to be listed in the Guide without stars, then at least half of them would be in Toronto. Only Montreal and Quebec City, and only a few places there, can compete with Toronto's best food. And all good Toronto restaurants serve good wines.

THINGS WE NEVER SAW IN TORONTO: THE NOT TOO GOOD

Having listed all these urban amenities, let me now confess: we never did use them much. I got to know Toronto's restaurants mainly at lunch, seldom at dinner—Torontonians even yet don't go downtown to dinner very often. Neither are they great playgoers—that's why the Crest theatre, an excellent repertory company, still doesn't show a profit at the end of a season of good productions, and the ancient and honorable Royal Alexandra is in danger of being torn down. (For one thing, the plays to Toronto tend to be either too old or too new—ancient, almost classical revivals, long-run road shows with third-string casts, or pre-Broadway tryouts that are painfully unready for the real opening in New York.) I've never seen a professional ball game, never been inside a Toronto night club, never seen a Toronto burlesque. The coffee houses, which are many and rather charming, are the preserve of the younger generation.

All these things are valid debating points in defense of Toronto the No Longer Too Good. But they haven't much to do with the real Toronto, the town that's so pleasant to live in. Among those standard sneers, one has a certain amount of truth in it. "Toronto isn't a city, it's a small town that goes on for miles." In many ways Toronto is a small town, but it's a rather uncommonly agreeable one. Ottawans have a habit of telling newcomers that the great thing about Ottawa is, it's so easy to get out. This is true, too—half an hour and you can be in the wilds of Gatineau Park, picking sour wax across a beaver dam. But what Torontonians don't tell you is that Toronto, too, is easy to get out of—provided you don't actually try to leave town. Looking out from the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Why more and more people go south in the summer

Sane Canadians never used to summer in Florida. They do now — in thousands — and they're finding a younger, livelier Florida than you'll ever see in winter

By Robert Thomas Allen

WHEN THE WINTER TOURISTS have gone home and the temperature has gone up into the high nineties, Florida begins to look good to a large and growing number of Canadians who go south in the summer. Why they make this migration must be as mysterious to anybody who doesn't go out of his way to expose himself to heat and hungry insects, as the lemmings' march to the sea. To me it's just the other way around. I decided a long time ago to live in Florida most of the year instead of Toronto, but I've learned that Florida isn't really Florida until the natives, who wear earmuffs in the winter, come out to the beaches in June. They drag along their portable barbecues, youngsters, beach chairs and dogs and sit around telling stories about the things the northerners did last winter. By the end of June there's a new wave of northerners thrown up on the beaches, but this time instead of well-heeled graying businessmen and their wives the strangers tend to be kids turned loose from high school and college, kindergarten teachers and stenographers, young families and honeymooners, and Canadians who can't get hot enough at home.

The Ontario Motor League in Toronto had almost half as many requests for routings to Florida last July and August as it did the previous December and January (735 to 1,668). TCA, which started its summer Toronto-Tampa service twelve years ago with three flights each way a week, now needs six flights to take the traffic. Two thousand Canadians, mostly from Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, are expected at the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami between June 15 and September 15. Some of them may change their minds this year due to the rate of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

NINE GIRLS PER MAN and the gay beach life bring out the real, swinging Florida after winter tourists have gone home, according to Allen (below.)



THIS YEAR IN JERUSALEM

THE TASTE AND FEEL OF ISRAEL TODAY



The diary of a perceptive Canadian Jew on his first trip to his other homeland

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

I DREAD FLYING So when on the morning of March 31 1962 I finally took off from London on El Al Flight 234 to Tel Aviv, I was bitten by the customary fears. Suddenly we thrust through the clouds closer to the sun and stillness. I began to feel elated. I was after all bound for Israel. Eretz Yisrael. Even the tourist office handout, A Visitor's Guide To Israel, had a characteristic warmth to it. Let's hope not, but should you require medical attention such services are easily obtainable. . . I was traveling to an unknown country, but I could decently hope not to be counted a foreigner there. My stewardess doled out comfort in Yiddish. My fellow passengers, most of whom had joined the flight in New York, could be considered pilgrims. All of us were going to the Holy Land for Passover, the feast that celebrates our liberation from Egypt. And when ye shall come into the land ye shall plant all manner of trees" (Leviticus, 19 23). Ahead of us lay King Solomon's Mines, Sodom, the Galilee, Mount Carmel and, above all, Jerusalem. Ever since the Jews had been driven into exile 2,000 years ago our daily prayers had ended with the hope, Next Year in Jerusalem. And here we were, 32,000 feet above the sparkling Mediterranean, calmly eating kosher chicken as we cruised at 550 miles an hour, coming closer and closer to a personal fulfillment of the prayer.

Out of the humiliations of the Dispersion, pogroms and anger, the Nazi holocaust, a state had been reborn. The feverish dream of a return to Zion had become a reality. Landing in Israel, a Jewish state where we would not bend to the sword of injustice but would be responsible for the administration, made me apprehensive. Smiling stupidly at customs officers—thinking, yes, it's true, they're in uniform, they *do* look hostile, but they're ours—I was roughly thrust into a queue. So I learnt lesson one: early, a cop is a cop anywhere. A taxi, an ancient De Soto, took me to my hotel in Savyon, between Lod Airport and Tel Aviv.

"A LIFETIME OF WAITING"

The Avia Hotel was comfortable enough—but anonymous, part of an international limbo. I could have been on the outskirts of a big city anywhere. The bellboy caused my first moment of panic. He was a Moroccan. Do I tip him—a fellow Jew? An expectant smile, an outstretched hand. Yes. Yes indeed. The bellboy had left the radio on for me. Burl Ives sang, "I wish I was . . . a squirrel with a big long tail." The sign over my bathroom sink read: HELP US TO IRRIGATE THE NEGEV! SAVE WATER! Public Committee For Water Saving.

Outside, bronzed men were laying tiles alongside an enormous pool dug out of the red-brown earth. There was a glow of light in the distance. I heard fervent dancing, hand clapping . . . the hora. Responding to a cliche, I at last felt I was truly in Eretz Yisrael.

All my life I seem to have been heading for, and postponing, my trip to Israel. In 1936, when I was only five years old, my maternal grandfather, a Hassidic rabbi, bought land in Holy Jerusalem. He intended for us all to immigrate. He died, we didn't go. When I was in high school I joined Habonim, the Labor-Zionist youth movement. On Friday evenings we listened to impassioned speeches about soil redemption; we saw movies glorifying life on the kibbutz and danced the hora until our bodies ached. Early Sunday mornings we were out ringing doorbells for the Jewish National Fund, shaking tin boxes under uprooted, deeply frees righteously demanding quarters, dimes and nickels that would help reclaim our desert in Eretz Yisrael. Our choir sang stirring songs at fund-raising rallies. In the summertime we went to a camp in a mosquito-ridden Laurentian valley, heard more speakers, studied Hebrew and, in the absence of Arabs, watched out for Ishy-looking French Canadians. The heroic figure of our youth was the chaluz, the pioneer, and I can still see him as he stood on the cover of God knows how many pamphlets, clear-eyed, resolute, a rifle slung over his shoulder and a sickle in his hand.

When fighting broke out in Israel, following the Proclamation of Independence, on May 14 1948, I lied about my age and joined the Canadian reserve army, thinking how ironic it would be to have Canada train me to fight the British in Eretz, but in the end I decided to finish high school instead, so once more I didn't get to Israel. In the years ahead my ardor cooled. I was no longer a Zionist. Still, I always intended to visit Israel and always kept putting it off. Like exercise.

AND NOW I WAS THERE"

Outside it was balmy, and what with London's sodden skies and bone-chilling damp only eight hours behind me, I began to feel elated again. The shuttle bus to Tel Aviv, a Volkswagen, was driven by a rotund Ethiopian Jew. "How do you like it in Israel?" he asked immediately.

"I've only been here an hour and a half," I said.

The other passenger in the bus, an American boy with buck teeth, said, "I've been here three days. Leaving tomorrow. Tonight I'm going to see Breakfast at Tiffany's."

"Did you come all this way to see movies?" I asked.

"But it's a very good movie. . . I'm on a world tour, you know." His voice dropped. "Have you seen the second floor chambermaid yet?"

No, not yet.

"She's really something . . . but there's this language barrier," the boy added gloomily.

On the Allenby Road, boys and girls in uniform, kids with transistors clapped to their ears, lottery-ticket sellers, youngsters with tiny knitted skullcaps fastened to their heads with a bobby pin, passed to and fro. At the corner of Ben Yehuda a young man leaned against an MG, spitting out sunflower seeds. The wizened street vendors, the fruit juice and sunflower seed sellers, the bagel men, all looked Arabic to me. Actually most of them were North African Jews. Two American ladies with winged sunglasses and gaily patterned skirts passed with a click-clack of bracelets.

"But have you heard their English yet Sadie?"

"No."

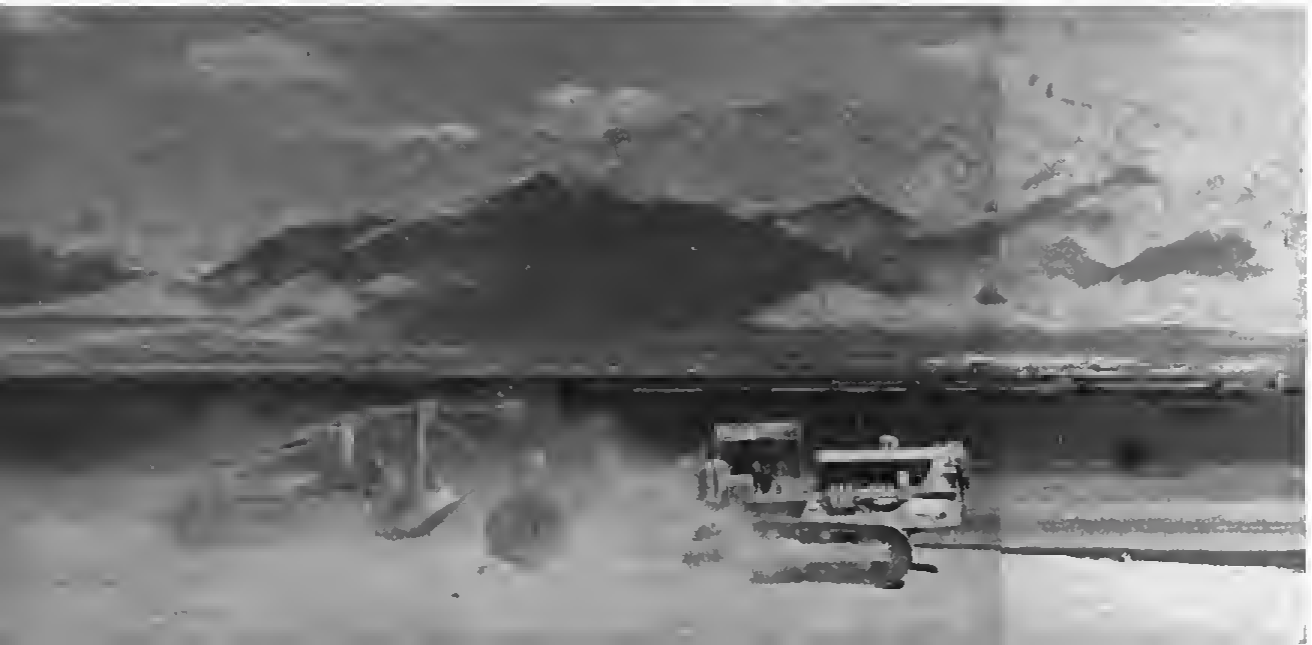
"So help me they speak better than us. They speak like the British."

Certainly not. This was a Jewish made city with Jewish cops, Jewish generals, Jewish whores, and even a Jewish court circular.

And I can still remember how marvelous it was that first night to walk the streets of Tel Aviv where everybody was like you, where you couldn't be gawped at, frightened into behaving larger than your true self or be put down for failings other than your own.

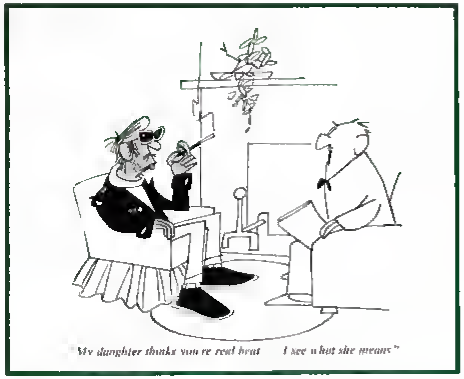
The Yiddish CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

The Negev: one of the world's harshest deserts — and Israel's biggest challenge



The cities, where the children dance in the streets, a new color problem is growing





"My daughter thinks you're real brut I see what she means"



"Gee Bill when I said give me a ring. I meant on the phone

Sweet and sour **The dangerous years by Dave Harbaugh**



"Junior's been working on a secret chemistry experiment Act surprised when he brings it up.



Ted I'd like to talk to you Turn off the hi fi... unplug your transistor, and turn down the TV"



"Dad meet the school mascot"



Wait use the no-cal whipped cream"

Around Toronto 1. Sign & background for High Park snapshot 2. Toronto's famous Casa Loma 3. Aboard Island Ferry 4. The Fountain in Exhibition Park 5. Pioneer Village 6. Fort York.

A summer day's fun lasts a long, long time - in snapshots on Kodacolor film!

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario



SOUTH IN THE SUMMER

continued from page 21

The other Florida: teen-agers, honeymooners—and steam heat

exchange but it's hard to see why Canadian tourists will pay $6.51 for a room that costs $6.00 in Yankee money a little over 10½ cents (Canadian) for an orange juice worth 10 cents (U.S.) and they won't even pay that at one of the six Florida welcome stations which serve it free. If a tourist plans to spend $108 (U.S.) for a Florida holiday he'll spend $108.50. And what he'll save on summer hotel and motel rates will more than make up for it.

Summer rates in Florida are generally half of winter rates. This isn't true of the northern part of the state which is mainly a summer resort. But in southern Florida the hotels and most of the other tourist enterprises are geared for winter. The hotel owners watching with dismay the picnicking holidaying boating fishing Floridians who come for a day and go home at night drop their rates to entice strangers. Hotel owners, who reckon the seasons by tourist traffic rather than by astronomy, mark the year off into eight seasons. They'll try to cash in on the least new trend, but in general rates drop to their lowest in the off-season—May and June, September and October. Prices go up a bit in July and August but are still cheaper than in winter. You can stay in hotels with foyers like bowling greens, pink swimming pools, abstruse sculpture, purple fountains and green-fingered bellhops and pay $19 a day for a posh ocean-front spread that costs $48 a day at the height of winter or $10 for a room on the off-ocean side that in winter costs $33. You can get a room at a good ocean-front motel like Sherwood Courts, a double-decker on North Miami Beach, for six dollars a day and for an extra two dollars get a kitchenette thrown in. Or you can go down the beach and get a room for $7.50 with the same sand and same salt water but a bent-up decor. There are hundreds of places to stay. Tourist information people will fill your car with handbills on the way down. They'll dump them in at intersections before you can roll up the window. Some of the places you won't be able to find. I spent two hours one day trying to find a hotel that advertised rooms for $2.50 a day with maid service, free parking, free golf and continental cuisine. I followed the directions of people who kept pointing toward a warehouse and finally came to a dead end in front of a filling station where the owner sat on a kitchen chair beside a washtub and a sign that read, "Cars washed here on the same principle as nuclear physics." But there will be thousands of empty rooms that you can find.

In the meantime, you'll see a different Florida: one filled with young people. Instead of silver-haired senior citizens window-shopping for stoles, you'll see lean-bellied kids eating raspberry snowballs and watermelon (which you can buy at five for a buck in the summer) throwing beach parties and, when the cops aren't looking, steering their cars with their bare feet. At a beach in the St. Petersburg area about five hundred teen-agers gather every Sunday afternoon for a dance—at last report the twist, for which the city provides its blessings and a band. One hotel offers honeymooners an extra day free. The promoters are so anxious to keep the summer crowd coming that when word got out that there were nine girls to every man in Miami, a Miami paper issued a plea to the residents to find them dates. Daytona sponsors a supervised hike across the state, on which kids starting with nothing but a jackknife, salt and matches, live off the land. They eat snakes, armadillos, turtles and berries, in case you'd like to go along. A motel in Tampa brings out a hula dancer every time a guest orders a certain drink to keep the buyers in a buying mood, and all over Florida beauty contests are abloom. You can hardly throw a beach ball without hitting a Miss Something or Other.

I find all this more real, lively and amusing than anything that goes on at higher prices in the winter Florida can be a lonely place in winter, especially during a cold spell. I've looked up the main street of Miami without seeing anybody but one lonely dowager up to her ears in mink. I could have arrived on a flying saucer, and I felt like going up and asking her to take me to her leader. I've seen the Atlantic Ocean look like a scene from The Cruel Sea, when gulls hung on the wind as if suspended by picture wire and the only moving things were the yellow gobs of scud driven by a northeaster, and I've handled up elderly couple collecting shells.

In summer the beaches are loaded and if there's a shell lying around someone is sitting on it, usually someone you'd rather collect than a lone murex. I spent fifteen minutes on a Sunday afternoon trying to find a place to sit down to read Plato's Republic and finally had to settle near three youths with crew cuts and cracker accents chasing three girls and spraying me with sand. Their minds were definitely not on Plato and if I looked and felt like them mine wouldn't have been either.

Everybody goes swimming in summer, including southerners, who wouldn't dream of swimming in winter. The Atlantic flattens out from a delicate translucent blue and warms up until on the east coast it averages eighty to eighty-five. People who can't be bothered moving their arms and feet just carry deckchairs out into the ocean and sit there awash up to their laps, sometimes holding a fishing rod and sometimes a beer. The beach is aromatic with barbecued hamburgers, french fries, suntan lotion and salt spray. The music from merry-go-rounds and the loud speakers over the Frostee Freeze stands mingle with the sound of the surf. The kids are there screaming back at the terns, and at low tide the sand castles with moats and ramparts are about as far apart, in scale, as medieval cities.

But it isn't only on the beach that things are happening. Everything is going on except horse racing, which has moved north. The Daytona Speedway holds special events in summer, including a 250-mile race for late-



Why does it taste good?

I bite deep into the watermelon. Its taste is cold. It tastes good. Nothing else ever tasted like a watermelon. Why?

A child is a small creature who tastes, sees, feels, smells, touches, hears—and always wonders why. An adult is a larger creature who does the same things—but often forgets to ask why.

The challenge is to keep the curiosity of a child in the mind of the adult. This is the way to big answers, answers which range from the world of the atom to the world of space.

This is why Shell takes a tangible interest in education: why Shell provides financial encouragement to students and teachers through scholarships and fellowships. For instance, the Shell Merit Fellowships are awarded each year to ten Canadian Secondary School teachers of science and mathematics to acquaint them with notable developments in their respective fields as well as with latest teaching techniques.

Again in Shell's world-wide research programme, we see what happens when trained men and women keep on asking the big, educated "whys". Things happen like the development of a highly specialized chemical called Aquaiin, a breakthrough in the Herbicide field. Recently developed by Shell scientists, Aquatic can destroy dangerous, disease-carrying water snails without harming other beneficial water life or impairing the purity of streams and rivers.

In some areas of the world where farm land is poor and exhausted, Shell has helped bring the land back to life. The abundance of harvests has been restored through petroleum chemistry. Another new product of Shell research is a remarkable new plastic. It can do things no other plastic can do. It can be bent and twisted and regain its original form. It can withstand high degrees of temperature. It can even be woven into wonderfully light, hard-wearing blankets.

And of course, Shell people never stop seeking ways to bring you better and better gasolines and motor oils for your car.

We hope that when you see the sign of the Shell you will remember the men and women who have not forgotten how to ask "why"—the trained professionals who seek and find new and better products and ideas to serve you.

Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

model stock cars. You can sit in a *jai-alai* frontón losing money without having to move a muscle while beautiful girls take your bets serve you drinks and bring you roast beef sandwiches while you watch the haughtiest most disdainful looking athletes on earth play their gigantic version of handball. Or you can go into the bar and watch the same game on a TV screen. You can go from there to the dog races and try to pick up the money you lost at *jai-alai*. The chances are you'll also see a row of beauty-contest entrants shepherded by a publicity man, cheering for the dogs, and if they're the dogs I bet on they need it.

I can't think of anything more awful, but if you want to go skin diving there are schools in Florida that rent everything you'll need. There are twenty-eight waterski schools and a surfboard club which Florida claims is the only one on the Atlantic seaboard right up to Labrador and which can make use of the long ground swells set up by hurricanes that pass far out at sea. You can go deep-sea fishing from Daytona Beach for $10 a person per day, which includes tackle, bait and ice for your tea.

The truth about the reptiles

About the weather in summer in Florida it has one definite advantage over the weather in winter in Florida—you know what you're going to get. It's hot and humid. In winter cold spells come and go and if they coincide with a two-week vacation the unhappy holidayer goes back north and spends the rest of his life spreading the word that Florida is a con job. But in summer Florida gets summer weather — from June to October — and you'll leave with absolutely no doubt that Florida is in the subtropics. The temperature is usually in the nineties. Often at night if you get a little more humidity in the air it will squeeze out as dew. And it does. As common a morning sight as the mocking bird singing on a palm frond is the dew trickling down the screens on the veranda in the morning, before the sun has warmed the air enough to take it back again. It covers you, car, so thickly that you can use your hand like a squeegee and get a cupful with every scoop.

But to reason from this data that "last summer I could hardly take it in my apartment at St. Clair and Yonge when the temperature was eighty-seven, therefore I'd hate Florida in the summer" is like saying "Brigitte Bardot can't act, therefore I won't enjoy her pictures." It leaves out the best part of the story. Humidity is murder when there's no movement of air, which is what you get during a heat wave in a northern city. But in Florida there's always a brisk breeze rustling the palms and waving the sea oats and the humidity is a normal part of the weather. There's a great drop in temperature between sun and shade. You can sit under a palm tree in the breeze and get goose bumps.

I've been asked more than once about all the snakes and alligators in Florida and all I can say is that you see them about as often as you see moose in Toronto. Alligators live in the Everglades, the home of the only Indians in North America that fought the white man to a standstill and incidentally the Everglades are a wonderful place to see. Snakes you're not likely to see unless you go off by yourself and run barefoot through the pine woods at high noon, and if you're in shape to do that you'll probably see snakes anyway. I've lived in Florida on and off for eight years and I've yet to see a rattlesnake, although I've seen some very pretty, harmless snakes coiled around the yucca out side my porch.

The most annoying form of wildlife in Florida is something you won't see at all, called a sandfly. It operates with diabolical precision as soon as the breeze drops, which it does for half an hour or so just as the sun shows above the horizon in the morning and just as it touches it again at night.

But sandflies are a transitory annoyance. The most important reason in my opinion, for seeing Florida in the summer is always there — its beauty. I've heard strange tales of Canadians going mad in Florida because the weather was so monotonous, and I'm convinced that they must have spent all their time looking at TV and are the same people who don't like swamps because they're too wet. Florida has four seasons. In summer everything turns lush green. Oleanders bloom, banana trees grow eight inch shoots in six hours, billions of yellow butterflies float on the breeze along the shore behind the dunes. The air smells of orange blossoms and night jasmine. A walk across a Florida causeway on a summer morning, watching the snowy and American egrets pose in the tidewater lagoons, is something that takes you back to the beginning of the world. Fast, violent tropical rainstorms come every afternoon, and the cumulus clouds pile up over the horizon thousands of feet high in colors from indigo to gold, and are reflected in the slick, wet sand left by the tide. If you're down there in August or September you'll be there during hurricane weather. The chances are you'll never see anything but the spectacular seas that come in when a hurricane passes four or five hundred miles out from the shore, but if one heads your way, and you don't want to see it, all you need to do is come home before it arrives. It will be announced days ahead. I sat through hurricane Donna, which wound up to about 190 around where I was. It was the most exciting show I've ever seen, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

But what you'll see nearly all the time is bright, sunny, breezy weather and deep blue skies. I know many people who wouldn't dream of being away from Florida in the summer. I know a TV repairman who goes around when the temperature reaches the high nineties throwing back his shoulders and saying, "How about this weather!" Each winter, when the temperature drops to forty, he swears he's going to move his TV business farther south. A neighbor of mine, a lively elderly woman who travels most of the year and visits relatives in New England in winter so that she can see the snow, carefully plots her itinerary so that she'll be back in Florida for the summer. She says every day is a "pretty day," and I agree, with her. A pretty day in Florida is something that, along with a lot of other things, makes it a place worth seeing in summer. ★



Recipe for a Home-Made Barbecue Sauce

2 cups finely celery
½ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon powdered thyme
¼ teaspoon minced garlic
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons salad oil
½ cup water
Hot sauce to season as desired

Combine all ingredients. Simmer for 10 minutes. Seasonings may be varied to suit taste.
Yield: 3 cups sauce. Sufficient to baste 4 to 6 pounds of ribs.

Try this Menu

Barbecued Ribs
(buy 1 lb. per man,
¾ lb. per woman or older child,
½ lb. per younger child)
Baked potato or dinner rolls.
(French stick is fine too!)
Tossed salads with a variety of dressing including French and Roquefort
Dessert: Deep apple pie with ice cream or cheese

A tip from a Professional

For flavour bonus, take a shallow pan, put in some form of cooking oil, season with salt, pepper and garlic or garlic powder. Allow the ribs to stand in this sauce overnight. Let drain thoroughly before barbecuing them.

7739

HOW TO BUY A GOOD RIB!

Ever since Adam awoke and found he'd lost one, ribs have been a delicacy, a delight, an easy to buy, easy to prepare, fun-to-eat treat! And barbecues make them better! But, be sure you get a good rib. There are two types. Loin Ribs, called back ribs, are more tender, more meaty, especially for special occasions. Succulent Side Ribs (shown here) have longer bones, go farther, too, because they often cost only a third as much as loin ribs. Loin or side, the real secret is to buy ribs from a young animal. Look for a package of side ribs under 3 pounds. Better still, check the rib bone size. Pick ribs that are not more than one half inch across the bone and you're on your way to banquet style eating at budget prices.

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THE FEEL OF ISRAEL TODAY

continued from page 23

"The hora is strictly tourist stuff. It's folklore for export"

restaurant I stopped at was typical of its kind anywhere. Wine-stained linen tablecloths and toothpicks in brandy glasses; the familiar sour shuffling old waiter with his shirttail hanging out; and here and there satisfied men sucking their teeth absently. "Sit down," somebody said. It was Mr. Berman. He had sat immediately in front of me on the airplane. "This is your first time in Israel?"

"Yes it is," I said excited.

"All cities are the same, you know. A main street, hotels, restaurants and everybody out to clip you. Here they're champion clippers. What business you in?"

I told him.

"I'm in sporting goods. I sell guns, sleeping bags, tents." He laughed, wiped his spoon on the edge of the tablecloth, and began to chop up his strawberries in sour cream. "You'd never catch me speeding a eight in a sleeping bag. People are crazy. I should complain." Mr. Berman told me he was leaving for Tokyo tomorrow. "The girls in Tokyo are the best. They're ugly but you can get used to them. Used to them. It's easy. They wait on you hand and foot."

I went to Bill Arad's place. Arad, whose name had been given to me by a mutual friend, lived in an apartment close to the sea. He put on a Brubeck record and poured me a cognac. I told him about the dancing I'd heard from my balcony at the Avia. "Is there a kibbutz near the hotel?" I asked enthusiastically.

Arad laughed at me. "They don't dance the hora in kibbutzim any more. It's strictly tourist stuff. Folklore for export. Probably it's a youth club." He took me to the California-n gathering place for young artists and intellectuals.

"Do you know anybody in town?" he asked.

I told him I intended to look up Uri Avnery, the editor of Ha'Olam Haze (This World).

"He's a pornographer." Arad said. "Clever, but irresponsible. Don't believe anything he tells you about Israel."

Arad introduced me to another journalist, Shlomo. "Do you really call yourself 'Mordecai in Canada?'" Shlomo asked, making it sound like an act of defiance.

"But it's my name," I said, feeling stupid.

"Really! In Canada! Isn't that nice!"

The American with the buck teeth was waiting at the bus stop. "How was the movie?" I asked.

It was really something. I'm on a world tour, you know.

"You told me."

"I leave for Bombay at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

"What's playing in Bombay, man? But I didn't say it. Instead I said, 'Enjoy yourself.'

"I'll only be there overnight."

It was not yet midnight. I decided to give the Avia Jet Club Open Nightly a whirl. The bartender turned out to be a painter and an admirer of Uri Avnery. He felt the new controversial press libel law, not yet passed by the Knesset, was directed against Avnery personally. "The government," he said, "would rather hang Avnery than Eichmann. Shimon Peres hates him."

Peres is the assistant minister of defense responsible among other things, for arms deals; and it was Avnery's weekly that first revealed that Israeli-made guns were being used by the Portuguese against the natives in Angola. To the bartender's mind Israel has become identified in the Middle East with repressive colonial powers: Portugal, Spain, France. "Uri," he said, "was the only journalist here with guts enough to come out for an independent Algeria. The other papers stuck by France and the alliance. France is Israel's firmest friend. "If the new press law goes through," the bartender said, "this will no longer be a democracy. In the meantime all the artists and intellectuals in this country will swear by Avnery."

"I've already met some who think he's a pornographer."

"He only prints photos of near-naked girls in his paper because he alone has no party backing. He has to sell papers to survive."

Israel — "our act of revenge"

The bartender told me that Israel kept a cultural attache in Stockholm whose sole purpose was to lobby for a Nobel Prize for one of the country's most gifted writers, Y. Agnon. "Buber would have got one last year," he said, "but Hammerskjöld died as he was translating him."

Each country has its own cultural problems.

Upstairs I read in the Herald Tribune that Chicago had taken Montreal in the third game of the Stanley Cup semi-finals. Mikita had figured in four goals. Balfour had done nothing.

It was very hot. I considered trying a bath, but there was still the sign over my sink to restrain me: HELP US TO IRRIGATE THE NEGEV.

Jews can recognize each other, yes, but not by physical traits. By the demands one Jew makes on another. Plant a Tree. Help Us To Irrigate the Negev. These two seemingly innocuous requests evoked for me a lifetime of special pleading. Hire Me. Buy From Me. Vote For Me. Love Me—I'm A Jew Like You. Yet I was thrilled to be in Israel. If I could put what I felt about the country into one image, I would say a news photograph of Ben Gurion taken on his arrival in Canada. It shows that grumpy keot of a Polish Jew reviewing an honor guard of Canadian Guards. The Guards are standing rigidly at attention. Ben Gurion's tangle of white hair hardly comes up to their chests. I have held on to that photograph because of the immense satisfaction it gives me. Israel, you see, could be interpreted as one act of revenge.

An afterthought.

In Scott Fitzgerald's unfinished novel, The Last Tycoon, a Jewish movie producer, who hardly seems the type, is asked: "Why do you keep and ride horses?"

"In Russia," he says, "the Cossacks had the horses."

Driving into Tel Aviv the next morning we slowed down for donkey carts, motorcycle trucks and cars so ancient they couldn't fetch fifty dollars on the Canadian market. Weaving through streets of machine shops and junk yards, I saw rusty wheels and dilapidated bedsteads all being thriftily reclaimed. In the suburbs we passed blocks of new apartment buildings that looked like concrete biscuit boxes. Renting apartments is almost unknown in Israel, where most people buy their own. A one- or two-bedroom apartment with kitchen and bathroom costs from six to sixteen thousand dollars, depending on the location.

It was hot, oppressively hot, and most people very sensibly I thought were informally dressed. Not so the ultra-orthodox Jews, who clung to costumes more appropriate to their east European origins. They wore black homburgs, or large, round, fur-trimmed hats (streimels) and long black coats (kaftans) and, underneath, jackets and sweaters. The brim of the streimel is trimmed with a dozen tails, representative of the twelve tribes of Israel. As it is written, "You shall not round off the hair on your temples or mar the edges of your beard." (Leviticus, 19:27), the men and boys wore beards and long curly sidelocks. In front of the municipal synagogue, one sold lottery tickets, another dealt in religious articles. Beggars lolled in the shade. There was a man with his trousers hitched up to reveal his artificial legs and another with a hideously gnarled face.

I stopped at a café on Ahad Ha-Am Street. Ahad Ha-Am (one of the people) was the pseudonym of Asher Zvi Ginsberg, a brilliant Zionist thinker. When Ahad Ha-Am settled in Tel Aviv in his later years, the street on which he lived was named after him and even closed off during his afternoon rest hours. He died in 1927. Today Ahad Ha-Am is a busy commercial street. As I sat there I was suddenly caught up in a swirl of shrieking newspaper vendors, boys and men who sidestepped cars and swerved clear of bicycles with an amazing rigidity all shouting, *"Ma'ariv! Ma'ariv!"* Minutes later the slow-footed ones, the old and the lame, came shuffling past with their copies of the first edition, their cry more plaintive. I bought a copy of the Jerusalem Post, the English language daily, and was immediately attracted to a boxed notice on page one.

We have lost our crowning glory!
The great rabbi
Nissim Benjamin Phanna
Chief Rabbi of the City of Haifa
and its environs
has been taken by his maker

Funeral cortege will leave the
Rothschild Hospital, Haifa
[April 2, 1962] 11 A.M.

The Bereaved Family

Bill Arad, in his late thirties, is a married man with two children. He's at his office every morning at 7:30 and his workday ends officially at 3:30. In practice however he takes work home with him almost every night. Arad, a highly placed technical expert in the department of civil avia-



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tion, has been offered positions by the UN and several of the emergent African states. He could easily earn $15-000 a year elsewhere. As it is, his take-home pay comes to some two hundred dollars a month and his wife works as well. Arad is entitled to a car and a car allowance, but he does without it. "If I need it," he says, "there's always an official one at my disposal." This is not to suggest that he is boring or that he succeeds solely with his virtue. On the contrary, Arad is an unusually charming and intelligent man. He took me to an oriental restaurant for lunch. As we ate our hummus (a mixture of ground chick peas, oil and garlic) he told me that he, like others, had just been hit with a new ten percent tax for immigration.

Immigration into Israel is *unlimited*, but no figures are released. "Every night," somebody else had told me, "planes land with people from Rumania, Poland and Morocco. Officially they are not allowed to leave for Israel, but we have an understanding, so to speak, with the countries concerned. However, if we began to brag, if official word got out that these Jews were coming here, the flow might stop. And the more people we have," he concluded, "the better our chances."

"A new kind of Jew"

New immigrants no longer go to tent camps as in 1949-50, but move right into new housing projects, ugly but adequate. If they are skilled, they find work immediately; if not, there is still employment for them, but they are subject to the frustrations of the labor exchange. The constant flood has all but swamped the country. When it became a state, Israel had a population of about 600,000; today, fourteen years later, its peoples number over 2,000,000. Furthermore, the social structure of the country has altered drastically. Once idealistic Russian and Polish Jews, who *wanted* to come to Israel, made up the bulk of the population. Today Kurds, North Africans and Yemenites, who were *forced* — or, if you accept the Arab argument, urged by Zionist agents — to leave their homelands, account for more than a third of the population, many of them having been literally lifted — upon magic wings, as in the Yemenite prophecy — from one age slap into another.

Unending immigration has made for an alarming strain on the economy of a land thin in natural resources to begin with, and then there's the smoldering problem of social absorption. Each immigrant group is a ready-made issue. It is known, for instance, that many of the new arrivals from eastern Europe were not so anxious to come to Israel as to quit the communist states. Israel for them is only a transit station in the scramble for trip to America. These people too, are among the most desirable immigrants because they are the most skilled. The non-European or oriental Jews create an even thornier problem. Many are unskilled. Others become quickly unemployed. For there's no doubt that almost all high offices in the land are filled by western Jews. They are the managers, the executives, and government officials. The Kurds, Moroccans and Yemenites tend to become laborers, army noncoms and clerks. The army, by tossing young people of all origins into the same units, hopes to break down suspicion and prejudice, but there is already a major problem in Israel and it remains to be seen whether in the next generation or two it disappears or hardens.

On Sunday I moved to the Garden Hotel in Ramat Aviv. Sitting out at a café on the Dizengoff Street later in the afternoon I saw a retired seaman pass reading aloud from the Hebrew prayer book. Drifting up and down was the inevitable spill of young officers and smart-looking girls in uniform. An elderly Hassid shuffled from table to table selling plastic combs, toothbrushes and religious articles. The souvenir shops on the Dizengoff offer gauds vulgarized religious baubles — just as they do in Rome. I went to Bill Arad's place, again. Earlier at the Haganah Museum we had studied models of famous kibbutzim that had been built between 1936-39 (the Arab revolt years). These were called "wall and tower" kibbutzim as they were set up stealthily overnight by units of a thousand men: the wall, the tower and the outer ring of barbed wire going up first, to withstand the expected Arab attack at dawn. Now, over a shared bottle of cognac, Arad told me how success had changed the kibbutzim. Once he said, there had been fierce ideological arguments as to whether it was a bourgeois corruption to replace the benches with chairs in the communal dining hall. Today, he said, many people take their evening meal in the privacy of their own cabins. The kibbutz movement was dying. Very few new ones were being started.

Arad and I drifted to the California where we fell in with two young architects. One of them felt that Uri Avnery had courage and that the Eichmann trial was a mistake. "It dragged on and on," he said, "cheapening things."

"But we had to have a trial to educate the young. They have no respect. They don't understand why the others didn't fight."

At Auschwitz and other camps the ratio of prisoners to guards varied from twenty-to-one to thirty-five-to-one, but except for the heroic resistance in Warsaw the Jews of Europe, as far as it's known, went sheepishly to their death.

"We're a new kind of Jew here," the other architect said. "What do you think?"

"I think hunting down Eichmann was brilliant, but the trial was a mistake."

"You're with Buber, I suppose. You pity Eichmann."

Buber doesn't pity him." I said. "He feels the execution of Eichmann would only help to naputa German guilt. He says for such a crime there is no penalty, and I agree."

"It's easy to criticize."

"I'm an old-fashioned Jew. I criticize."

In Jerusalem's early in my stay I took a taxi to The Hebrew University. On the way we passed a prison block.

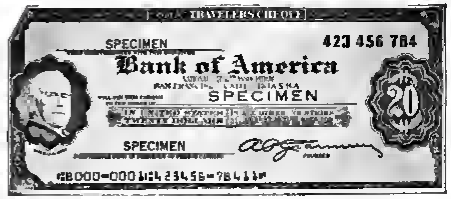
"Todas hes in there," the driver said.

"Who?"

"The Eichmann."



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The old Hebrew University on Mount Scopus is now an Israeli enclave in Jordanian territory. Nobody is able to use it. The new university built on a windswept plateau on the edge of the city is made up of a sequence of functional modern blocks. In the library building donated by Canadian Hadassah in honor of the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, I met Tuvia Shlonsky, a young lecturer and poet. Strolling across the campus, Tuvia told me how much he admired American Jewish writers like Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth. "Nobody here," he said, "can write with their style."

"Are these writers read in Israel?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, not. The young think of them as ghetto writers." He laughed embarrassed.

I had lunch with Reuben Ben Zur, an Israeli insurance broker I had met in London. Ben Zur, who lives in an elegant Arab-built house, is very active in the Rotary Club of Israel. His interest seemed a soft middle class home but his charming young wife, who kept forcing more cake on me, had once smuggled grenades into Jerusalem under her dress, and even now there was a despatch-rider stone wall only 200 yards away, marking the frontier with Jordan. "In order to be a Zionist," Ben Zur said, quoting Weizmann, "it helps to be a little bit crazy." He didn't like the idea of my looking up Uri Avnery. "He's a scoundrel," he said.

One of the clerks in Ben Zur's office took me for a drive. Yizhok, who had just done a month's duty on the Jerusalem frontier, took me to the position where he had served. Israeli girls serve two years in the army. The men put in two and a half years and following that, until the age of forty they can be called up for a month's annual training. "No tourists come here," he assured me. We climbed a stony hill to an abandoned court yard where the Israelis and Jordanians occupied sandbagged positions about 100 yards apart. "When I served here," Yizhok said, "we used to gossip every morning and throw fruit back and forth." There has, I'm told, been only one shot fired in anger across the frontier in the last three years. It was in a dispute over a card game.

From the lookout at Ramat Chen Yizhok pointed out Mount Zion, the road to Bethlehem, the hill where Solomon's tomb is supposed to be, and baking in the distance the walled Old City. The Old City is in Jordan, so for fourteen years now the Jews have not had access to the most sacred of relics, the Wailing Wall, part of which dates back to the time of Solomon's temple. In the dead of night, according to legend, the Schechina or Divine Presence appears by the Wall as a white dove to coo in sorrow.

I told Uri Avnery about a fellow-tourist I'd run into at the hotel, a Mr. Hersh. "It's sad," I said, "but he feels unwanted in Israel."

Avnery said: "But for the middle-aged tourists from America, the old-time Zionists, this has to be paradise and no criticism is possible. They come here as to heaven on earth and they want it pure, not filled with quarreling human beings. Those old men would cut off their fingers for Israel. It's true they wouldn't settle here but they will pay for it. They are in a sense the backbone of the Israeli economy. Yet he felt Israelis are anti-Jewish. They have no interest in American Jewish culture. "As far as most people here are concerned your middle aged tourists are shirkers for living abroad. They come here to be delighted by Jewish cops, a Jewish army, well they have to pay for it."

Avnery's office has been bombed twice and he himself has been beaten up once. He describes his weekly as one-third sex and sensation, one third Time-style and another third modeled on the Paris intellectual weekly L'Express. "Ours is the only true opposition paper," he said. "The only one without hidden subsidies."

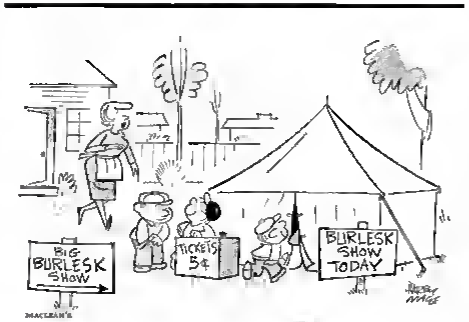
Israeli newspapers are usually attached to a political party. Histadrut, the organizer of labor as well as the biggest industrial combine in the nation, advertises in all the party newspapers but not in Ha'Olam Haze [circ. 35,000]. When Avnery's weekly revealed that Israeli arms were being used in Angola, having picked up the story from the London Observer, the report was denied by the government. But Avnery insisted and the other, more reputable journals were obliged to investigate the claim. They came back with concrete proof that some Israeli-made arms were in fact being used in Angola. "The government," Avnery said, "then said they had sold the arms to Germany and had no idea where or how they would be used. That much is true. But what is also true is they have known Germany had no need whatsoever for Israeli arms. They buy them for show, out of guilt. Also they are too clever to send their own arms for use in a dirty colonial war. So," he said, "once more we get the worst of both worlds."

We drove past Ben Gurion's house. The prime minister has three homes. An official residence in Jerusalem, his own house in Tel Aviv, and his desert home, Avnery said, "He really hates the desert, but he is a man with a rare sense of style. If he is going to be interviewed on American TV he flies out to the desert by helicopter a half hour before the camera crew. A half hour after they've left he's back in Tel Aviv." Avnery speaks of Ben Gurion with warmth. "Nobody here can touch him politically. Unfortunately there is personal hatred between BG and Nasser. All politics in Israel hinge on when will the old man die. There hasn't been a new idea in the Middle East for years and nothing will happen until after Ben Gurion."

A maintenance of the status quo, in Avnery's opinion, stills the internal politics of both sides. The two outstanding Egyptian-Israeli problems he feels, are the refugees in the camps on the Gaza Strip and cold war politics. The maximum number of refugees Ben Gurion is willing to resettle comes nowhere near the minimum Nasser would agree to. Nasser wants a neutral Middle East including an Israel disassociated from power blocks but Israel Avnery says as presently constituted is dependent on western handouts for survival. The economy he maintains, is totally unrealistic. It is based on continued help from Zionists outside the country (American, Canadian and British bond drives primarily), international loans and German reparation money. The reparation money, an estimated 100 million dollars a year, will soon be coming to an end.

Israel insists on behaving as if it was not a Middle Eastern country, Avnery said. "The Jews will continue to pretend they are a western power. Nobody is really interested in what goes on in Alexandria and Beirut, so closely, but they will go rushing off to New York and London where they can parade as heroes in the Jewish communities. From the beginning, going back to the days of the earliest settlements, there has never been an attempt to assimilate with the Arabs."

We drove to Avnery's apartment, the top flat of a seven story building overlooking on one side the Mediterranean and on the other all of Tel Aviv. Uri pointed out the big Histadrut building. "Our Kremlin," he said. We stood by the window for a long while. Finally Uri said, "You know, I love it here." He laughed at himself. "In London where you have everything's been done. Here we'll see."



"Have you seen Judy?"

One of the most popular means of moving between cities is the sherut — the shared taxi. The service is quick, regular and cheap. On Thursday morning I joined six others in the inevitable rattling De Soto with shattered windows and started out for Hadera, an hour's run along the coastal plain. Hadera, a sun-bitten industrial town [pop. 30,000], has the rare distinction for Israel of not being listed as "a place of interest" in any of the official guide books I'd seen. Only a mile from the sea, the dry dusty town is built on sand dunes. Nearby, there are many Kibbutzim and Arab villages. My cousin Shmul lives there.

I had not seen Shmul since we had both been kids together on St. Urbain Street in Montreal, more than fifteen years ago. Once my grandfather strapped me for igniting a band of firecrackers and dropping them into Shmul's pocket.

Shmul's shop, the Hadera locksmithy, was shut down. He wasn't home either. But his wife Sarah let me into their apartment. Sarah is a New Yorker. She and Shmul keep a strictly orthodox home. They met on a kibbutz on their first trip to Israel some years ago and then again in New York where they were married and had a child. Shmul learnt his locksmith's trade in New York, bought equipment on credit and returned to settle in Hadera with his family. Their apartment, small but really quite a decent place, was loaned for them by the Jewish Agency and as a new immigrant from Canada, Shmul was able to buy it for £2,000 Israeli (roughly $5,000). Shmul, who works long hours, earns only about $350 monthly, and his taxes are high. Sarah told me Hadera is visited regularly by the Habimah Players, the Bolshoi has been there once. So has the Senegal Ballet. She is impatient with Israeli red tape and misses her family, otherwise she's happy in Israel. I asked her about the Moroccan Jews I had seen on the street.

"A problem? Wherever you have black and white," she said, "there's a problem." She added she wouldn't like dark Jews to move into her apartment block. "With the least excuse," she said, "they take out a knife." The worst are the ones from the Atlas Mountains. They've just come out of the caves."

The living room bulged with best sellers. A cha-cha record lay on the floor. Sarah, like so many of the Americans and Canadians I met who had settled in Israel, resented a reserve of arrogance about the gesture. "Don't forget," she would say, "we didn't have to come here. Like the European Jews."

Sarah went next door to phone another cousin of mine, Benjy, who taught at a school in Pardess Hanna, closeby. I hadn't seen Benjy since his bar mitzvah eight years ago. He had grown into a tall, thin, introverted boy. A knitted skullcap was clapped to his head with a bobby pin; he wore a beard. We went for a stroll before lunch. Benjy tried to explain why he had left Canada. "If I read in the paper that a Frenchman had killed somebody I didn't care, he's a Frenchman, but here everybody's Jewish and I care about everything." He hadn't felt at ease in Canada. "I would always think that one day I'd have to leave till the Jews would have to leave. It's not our country."

Benjy intends to study law in Israel. I asked him if he didn't think the religious community had an influence out of proportion to its numbers on the secular life in the country. "Elsewhere," he said, "I would be for separation of church and state but this is Israel. If civil marriage were allowed there would eventually be two nations."

His reference, indirect, was to Deuteronomy 23:2. "No bastard shall enter the assembly of the Lord, even to the tenth generation; none of his descendants shall enter the assembly of the Lord." What is meant by bastard here is the child of civilly married parents. In other words for ten generations the orthodox would be bound to consider the issue of a civil marriage a bastard and would certainly never intermarry with him.

I went to a liquor store to buy a bottle of cognac to take back to Shmul's house. Benjy interrupted the transaction. "Is this bottle kosher?" he demanded of the shopkeeper.

"Don't worry," the shopkeeper said impatiently, "it's kosher, it's kosher."

Orthodox Jews are not very popular in Israel. They are considered a throwback in the ghetto that is to say, they are old-fashioned Jews rather than modern Hebrews. Though the orthodox minority, through its three political parties, actually holds only eighteen out of 120 seats in the Knesset, it keeps a bullying clamp on the day-to-day life of the religiously indifferent majority. They are able to do this because the Mapai, which has formed every government since the state's inception, has often had to form a coalition in order to make for a clear majority in the Knesset. A partnership with the religious parties has always been the most attractive because questions of orthodoxy apart, they have given Ben-Gurion a free hand. The upshot is that in Israel today on shabbat, from sundown on Friday to sundown the following day, all public services stop and most shops are closed. Dietary laws are observed in the army and hotel dining rooms are under the supervision of the rabbinical council. The importation of non-kosher meat is forbidden and kosher meat is more expensive.

My cousin Shmul no longer calls himself Hersenovitch. He has, following a popular immigrant practice, given his name a clearer Israeli ring. He is known today as Shmul Shimshoni.

"When I first came to Hadera," he told me, "the locals thought I was crazy. For forty years they said there has never been a locksmith in town, what do we need one now for? Then out of sympathy for a new man, one by one they looked for something in their attics to bring into my shop. My first customer brought me an old suitcase. The case was locked and the key was lost. He asked if I could open it and make him a new key. When I did it for him he was amazed. He had to go home to get money to pay me. I never thought you'd be able to do it," he admitted. "Over here we believe in letting the other man live. As long as you're not a pig, everybody helps out."

Less impatient than his wife with Israeli red tape, Shmul is also more tolerant of dark Jews. "Remember Dadi?" He used to live in Israel. He went home because he fell in love with a Yemenite girl. In Canada his family said what you're going to marry a nigger and back in Eilat the girl's family said what, marry a white one? But it still," Shmul said shaking his head in disbelief. He took me to his shop. "Yes, it is true I could earn more in Canada," he said, "but this is my home now."

He has put in two and a half years in the army, serving in the Sinai campaign and now moves in a not unlively classless society. Shmul's friends include teachers, doctors, bookmakers and laborers, as well as small shopkeepers like himself. "Another thing is that I decided not to stick only with Americans. That would be like our parents coming from Poland in Montreal and starting a ghetto." One of his closest friends he told me was a Moroccan. "The Arabs you see on the street have difficulty finding work. They are paid lower wages too. It's not nice, but the feeling is 'Who can trust them?'"

A car pulled up outside. The trunk was locked, the key lost. Shmul gathered together a clutch of keys. The last thing he said to me was, "I hope you haven't heard too many complaints here. ★

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PEACE GETS A HEARING

continued from page 11

A 16 year-old found the perfect place to issue Peace pamphlets the Pentagon He was arrested

are far from a game to them

I met a seventy-seven year-old woman who was convicted of a breach of the peace and jailed for standing on the sidewalk outside the White House grounds reading her bible to herself and wearing a black armband on which was printed in white letters "Bomb tests kill people" I met a seventy four year old man jailed for much the same thing I met a sixteen year-old high school boy who had been arrested for distributing Peace pamphlets at the Pentagon. of all places and a fifty three-year-old clergyman who when imprisoned as a pacifist demonstrator ate no food for twenty five days I met a brilliant scholar who quit Harvard halfway through his course because he felt working for Peace was more important than working for a degree

The seventy seven year-old woman Helen Corson is a Quaker and a former social worker In 1952 she was fired by the Pennsylvania Department of Assistance for refusing to sign a loyalty oath She refused because she said to sign was against her religious principles. From July 1, 1959 to March 30 1961, on the hottest days and the coldest in blazing sun. pouring rain driving snow she was one of those who stood duty in a picketing marathon at the Fort Detrick Maryland.. biological warfare base

The man who fasted for twenty-five days — and lost twenty six pounds — was Lawrence Scott. director of the Peace Action Centre at Washington and a leading figure among pacifists Scott was born on a Missouri farm and worked for two years for the Engineering Bureau of the U S War Department. In 1941 he took a master's degree in theology and became a Baptist parson. In 1947 he left the Baptists and joined the Quakers

The twenty-one-month vigil at the Fort Detrick biological warfare base was Scott's idea "We picked the base" he explains because it represented a particularly obnoxious kind of weapon — bacteria viruses plant diseases A lot of us research of course is constructive for immunization and to fight epidemics which is part of defense but we were concerned with the part of it that prepared bacteria as an offensive weapon

When he launched the vigil Scott was with the Fellowship of Reconciliation a respected and long-established organization of religious pacifists The Peace Action Centre which he now directs is the Washington rallying point of pacifists who believe in Gandhian tactics PAC's headquarters are a house in a slightly rundown section Scott and half a dozen colleagues not only work but live there Those who have money to pay board pay board those who haven't don't Nobody draws a regular salary

Scott and all the pacifists I talked with are tormented by doubts and wonder whether they are getting anywhere They are sure that if they fail there will be a war within ten years. and they are afraid that their progress is too slow to prevent it

The brilliant Harvard student who quit in the middle of his course to concentrate on the Peace movement told me essentially and sadly that the movement is "merely a twitch" Yet he said with conviction that it's humanity's one hope His name is Gene Keyes his age is twenty and he had majored in political science at Harvard When I talked with him in Washington he looked neatly groomed fresh and alert although he had walked from Chicago — 870 miles by the route he took He and the others in his party of marchers lived on a dollar a day per person. slept out-of-doors when nobody offered them shelter and each wore out a couple of pairs of shoes When a car bearing their luggage was wrecked in the West Virginia hills they carried what they could on their shoulders There were towns where they encountered jibes and sneers But Gene Keyes who had been on the Peace march to the UN in the spring of 1961 noted that hostility and bombardments of rocks and overripe fruit had diminished and that this time more well wishers offered money soft drinks. food

The peace marchers who reached Washington in mid June had all set out on Easter Sunday and had all spent two months on the road living on their own meagre savings and donations picked up en route Those from Tennessee probably had the worst time for they had a Negro pacifist with them Bob Gore of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. They this had to face the wrath of both the anti integration and the antipacifist elements They subsisted on sixty cents a day apiece and their diet was mainly oatmeal rice and peanut butter

But the marcher with the most on his mind was probably twenty one year-old Paul Salstrom of Rock Island Illinois who was with the Hanover Washington party He'd been convicted of refusing to report for army induction and was out on bail The day after he reached Washington he had to fly to Chicago and appear in court for sentencing He drew the maximum three years in penitentiary

By any normal yardstick the victories of the Peace groups are still far outnumbered by the rejections and defeats Although most of the Washington marchers had blistered feet after hiking hundreds of miles. they straggled straight to the White House without pausing to rest They bore signs with slogans like "No bomb tests— East or West" and "End the arms race — let mankind live Within minutes they had clashed with police for Australian Prime Minister Robert G Menzies was at Blair House the residence the U S maintains across the street from the White House for distinguished visitors and there is a rule that prohibits picketing the White House when there are foreign visitors either at the White House or Blair House After an argument with the law four of the demonstrators wound up in court but the judge found them not guilty of a charge of failing to move from the sidewalk when ordered to do so by police That night and on subsequent nights they spread their blankets on the floor of a church that had volunteered to shelter them

The next day they drove in battered trucks to Germantown Maryland, twenty-five miles from Washington to picket the Atomic Energy Commission and the day after that they picketed the Central Intelligence Agency in Virginia, across the Potomac River from Washington and in the evening held what had been billed as a "mass meeting" It was in the dingy cellar of an ancient church — not the church they slept at — in an almost entirely Negro district that whites ordinarily stay away from There had been no advance publicity in the press Thirty-eight people were present. if you counted the Peace marchers themselves and while the speakers tried to look cheerful and enthusiastic it was a thoroughly depressing affair It seemed to me to underline the frustrations and disappointments that confront pacifist demonstrators whose tactics are designed to rivet public attention on the cause of Peace and who when they are ignored or virtually so know that they might as well have stayed home

But as compensation for the failure of the meeting, the following morning —the last on which they were demonstrating in Washington — was by their lights a success They assembled at the Pentagon posters a bit tattered and rain stained but still held high and fifteen of them attempted to enter the building to hand out Peace pamphlets When police closed in they sat down and refused to budge They call this "non co-operation" and point out that when they sit and will not stand or walk, it takes two policemen to lift each striker and lug his dead weight to the paddywagon A court found all of them guilty of disturbing the peace but fourteen of the fifteen were given suspended sentences when they undertook not to return to the Pentagon The fifteenth nineteen-year old Huw Williams a college student from Spokane Washington and a nonregistrant for the draft would not promise to stay away from the Pentagon and, as I write this is in jail and reportedly on a hunger strike

The Committee for Nonviolent Action which organized the peace marches to Washington from Nashville Chicago and Hanover is probably the most aggressive of the pacifist Peace groups in the United States It was founded in 1957 and has its headquarters in a decrepit building on Grand Street New York City in a section where warehouses predominate and where trucks are constantly loading and unloading Ned Haworth its pleasant young secretary told me that it has a board of directors of sixty about a quarter of them Quakers but that its monthly CNVA Bulletin and the pamphlets it issues are sent to a mailing list of 12 000 It is financed by contributions mostly of $5 or $10 from those on the mailing list and had a budget of $55 000 last year

CNVA refers to its "actions" the way a regiment refers to its battles There was the Nevada Action of 1957 to protest nuclear tests on land There was the Golden Rule Action of 1958 to protest nuclear tests at sea with four members attempting to sail the small yacht Golden Rule into the Pacific test zone being intercepted by

COMING IN MACLEAN'S

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

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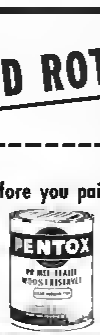
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There was the Omaha Action of 1959 against land-based missiles with demonstrators, one of them Penny Young who was then fifteen climbing over barbed wire barriers that surrounded the missile base. There was the Polaris Action against sea-launched missiles started in 1960 at New London and still continuing today.

There have also been of course the various peace marches the longest the one from San Francisco to Moscow in 1961 and 1962 which culminated in a demonstration against militarism in Red Square. CNVA has close ties with Bertrand Russell's Committee of One Hundred in Britain which has organized series of peace marches.

Peace groups like the CNVA have long been accused by their critics of being under the thumb of communists whose aim is to use them to weaken U S defenses and pave the way for a Soviet victory. I asked Ned Hoyt-worth the CNVA secretary about this. He said he didn't think there were communists in the CNVA since it opposes Russian militarism and Russian nuclear tests just as strongly as it opposes U S militarism and tests. If the CNVA did happen to have any communist supporters, they were certainly not dictating its policies.

Hoyt-worth says "If present policies are pursued we are almost certain to have thermonuclear war in ten or fifteen years. I feel obligated to do what I can to prevent this but I doubt whether it will be prevented."

David McReynolds field secretary of the War Resisters League head-quarters of which are on New York's Beekman Street is not so pessimistic. He told me there is no doubt that the Peace movement is gaining momentum and that it can wield a strong influence. The league has an annual budget of about $25,000 mails its literature to 3,500 and is supported by the donations they send. It includes pacifists of unorthodox views —anarchists and socialists.

We may have communists in the league" says McReynolds "I tell them man who majored in political science and economics at the University of California and has been a writer and editor. If so I assume we have FBI agents too. Actually though I doubt whether the communists would be naive enough to bother with the league. We have always been as much opposed to Soviet as to American militarism and against totalitarianism. For the communists to infiltrate the league would be like Christians trying to infiltrate a Jewish synagogue to convert the Jews. simply a waste of time."

Both the War Resisters League and the Committee for Nonviolent Action had members who took part in the Times Square demonstration March 3 which was a reaction to President Kennedy's announcement of the resumption of U S atomic testing. So did the Fellowship of Reconciliation the biggest and best financed of all the pacifist groups which has 15,000 members and a budget of about $150,000 a year. But the three groups were unhappy about the way the affair went for when the police and squad charged at the crowd of 5,000 that was blocking traffic it got out of hand. Before it was over forty-five persons had been arrested and roughly totted off to jail on charges of disturbing the peace.

Perhaps the most effective demonstration thus far was that of more than 5,000 university students from all over the U S., none of whom were arrested. They descended on Washington on a mid-February weekend by plane train and chartered bus. The Student Peace Union which now has 2,400 members scattered over dozens of campuses has desk space in the office of the War Resisters League and got David McReynolds to help when the Washington project came up.

It began quietly with a handful of students at Grinnell University in Iowa chartering a bus for Washington late last fall to picket the White House and stage a hunger strike. The idea spread and other university delegations followed. Dawn Lander twenty-a history major was one of nine girls from the University of California who traveled to Washington in a Volkswagen van with the word "peace" smeared on its sides. All day long for three days they picketed the White House and fasted. "When it was time to break our fast at 9 p.m. on the third day we were too tired to eat" says Dawn who didn't return to California and now is an employee of the Friends Committee on National Legislation in Washington.

In the big February demonstration the 5,000 students picketed not only the White House but the Soviet Embassy. They visited three hundred congressmen and sixty foreign embassies, and were addressed in the State Department auditorium by top advisers of the president. The students, relatively few of whom are out-and-out pacifists, were billeted in churches, schools private homes hotels motels. They asked the U S government to adopt the American initiatives for peace recommended by Turn Toward Peace among them the abandonment of military bases near Russia and the creation of a disarmed safety belt in middle Europe.

Turn Toward Peace calls itself a "joint co-operative effort by national organizations concerned with achieving a just peace and preserving democratic values." It was set up by groups like SANE the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Friends Service Committee to co-ordinate the Peace movement at the instigation of well-known liberals like Norman Thomas, the venerable Antioch socialist leader and Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review. It includes among its sponsors tha famous Dr Spock Leonard Bernstein the composer and conductor Harry Belafonte the entertainer Erich Fromm the psychoanalyst and author and Rev Martin Luther King Jr., the desegregationist leader. Among its co-operating organizations are the American Veterans Committee the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, CNVA the Committee for World Development and World Disarmament the Postwar World Council Students for a Democratic Society the Student Peace Union the Catholic Worker the War Resisters League and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. It also has communicating organizations with which it consults three of these are the United Automobile Workers, the International Union of Electrical Radio and Machine Workers and the National Association of Social Workers.

Formidable as TTP's lineup of co-operating and communicating organizations is, it doesn't begin to cover the field of Peace groups, which has been proliferating at an amazing rate. Women Strike for Peace which has branches in sixty cities and associates in forty-one countries, provides a case history. Bertrand Russell, the renowned old philosopher was jailed in Britain last September 1 for pacifist activities and among those outraged were two women who live in Washington. One was Mrs. Margaret Russell an historian who is married to an official of the U S Department of Interior. The other was Mrs. Dagmar Wilson an illustrator of children's books and the wife of an aide at the British Embassy. They talked on the telephone about the sentencing of Lord Russell. "Mrs. Wilson" Mrs. Russell recalls "wanted to hire a jet and fly to London to protest. I said I didn't think we could afford that. But we wanted to do something. What they did was invite friends to a meeting at Mrs. Wilson's home at which Woman Strike for Peace was born. They — and the friends — all wrote letters to other women and the group grew. By November 1 supporters of WSFP, 1,500-strong, held a Peace demonstration in Washington.

Another 50,000 supporters as nearly as Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Wilson can estimate from reports, demonstrated simultaneously in other U S. cities. On January 15 of this year what had been a WSFP demonstration from a White House window President Kennedy told a news conference he knew what they were trying to say and that they were "extremely earnest" women. One of them on that occasion propelled herself up and down the sidewalk in front of the White House in a wheel chair. She was Mrs. Cyrus Eaton, wife of the Nova Scotia-born financier who is one of the richest men in the United States and who for years has sponsored the Pugwash meetings of intellectual leaders of both the eastern and western worlds.

On April 1 this year fifty members of WSFP carrying Peace petitions with 50,000 signatures flew from New York to Geneva where they were joined by fifty women from other countries. They gave the petitions — and their views — to all the delegates to the seventeen-nation disarmament conference bluntly telling both U S and Soviet delegates that they were too inflexible.

Another women's group that seems to be growing almost as rapidly in the United States as WSFP is the Voice of Women. VOW, which has spread across the border from Canada. It was founded in May 1961 at Toronto, by Mrs Fred Davis wife of the television performer. WSFP and VOW have now taken a place in the U S next to that occupied by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which was founded in 1915 by the great social reformer Jane Addams on whose suggestions President Woodrow Wilson based his fourteen points for peace in World War I in the United States.

The importance of VOW on the international scene is one of several indications that the Peace movement in Canada in relative terms has at least kept pace with the Peace movement in the U S. Canada's Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has 4,000 members compared with the 2,400 members of the Student Peace Union in the whole of the U S. and the Canadian Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards has a high reputation.

In the U S the Peace movement now shows promise of gradually developing into a force that could counter the Americans who believe it is still possible to win a war. U S Senator Joseph S Clark said in February "The president is hampered in implementing his disarmament policy objectives by an alarming political lag in the country as well as in Congress. No more than a handful of my colleagues in the Senate are familiar with the president's disarmament plan. Hardly any of them take disarmament seriously. A majority of them think total and permanent disarmament is the rosy dream of a few impractical idealists. Such a Senate can hardly be expected to ratify a far reaching disarmament agreement without an enormous amount of educational groundwork."

Clark a Democrat from Pennsylvania is hoping that the twenty Americans who have come out as Peace candidates for election in November will get enough support to convince congressmen that peace is good bait. In California one of these candidates George Brown has a strong chance of beating a candidate the John Birch Society is running as a Republican. Brown with SANE and Women Strike for Peace working for him won the Democratic primary in his district.

In Massachusetts another Peace candidate H Stuart Hughes, professor of history at Harvard has been seeking enough signatures on a statewide petition to run as an independent against candidates who include President Kennedy's young brother Ted.

The Peace candidates don't have to win to achieve their purpose. And the majority of them probably won't. The majority of right-wing extremists won't either. But if the Peace candidates can show strength in the contest they'll devalue the right wingers. That could change the balance of U S politics and vastly improve the chances of President Kennedy's most striking request to the two cold war ring worlds: End the arms race not the human race. ★

PARADE

Home flood control

There were a lot of floodal basements in Ottawa this spring and a lot of exasperated flood victims, but one ingenious fellow made light work of the hauling by figuring out a way to hitch his hose to the pump on his wife's electric clothes washer and pump the water out his basement window.

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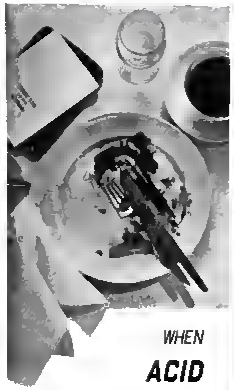


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OLD AGE AT ELEVEN

Continued from page 12

Arthur Baldoy was a cheerful, bright and normal child — for the first 18 months of his life

prolonged nightmare which lay ahead. As a young girl his mother, of Spanish descent, moved from New Mexico to Watsonville. Here she met and married Leandro Baldoy, a Philippine who worked in a vegetable-packing plant. Could the mixed marriage have been responsible for Arthur's condition?" she wondered aloud as she recounted her family's history for me. The couple settled in a modest white frame house on Marchant Street, not far from the Pajaro River. Arthur was their second child. The other three—Danny, thirteen; Delia, eight; and Victor, two—are in good health.

The complete normalcy of Arthur's early life is noted in medical file No. 5-39 04 at the Stanford Medical Centre. Entries record that his parents were of normal weight, height and health. There was no family history of diabetes, TB or disease of the heart or glands. The mother experienced a full-time month pregnancy; delivery was without complications. Arthur was breast-fed for four months and then switched to formula containing extra vitamin supplement. He was a bright, cheerful child, and the cause of no anxiety until he was seen at a well-baby clinic when he was 18 months old. He was underweight and, even feeding him extra food didn't help, recalls his mother. She took him to a doctor—the first of many steps she was to take in seeking help for her child. The doctor suspected anemia and gave him iron shots. When they didn't help, she took him to another physician who administered injections of pituitary hormones. On her own she fed the child tonics and nostrums recommended by friends. She took Arthur to a succession of doctors in California—in Watsonville, El Centro and San Francisco. Once she heard there was a skilled child specialist in Phoenix, Arizona, so she made the long trek there. In hope and sorrow she took her child to a faith healer. He laid his hands on the boy's head and exhorted God to make him grow. Not only did the prayer go unanswered, but between the ages of two and four the youngster gradually began to undergo disquieting changes in his appearance. These are noted in the medical history at the Stanford Centre, which Arthur first visited in 1955.

The patient is four years old. He's a strange-looking boy, with a birdlike face, whose eyes give the appearance of relative enlargement because of the small, underdeveloped lower jaw. Skin shows areas of increased pigmentation. Hair is sparse. Dentition, poor.

As Mrs. Baldoy recalls it, the Stanford doctors told her that the boy was a dwarf who would never grow up and would be dead by twelve. "I found it so hard to accept that. I kept on hoping for a miracle," she says. In the face of facts it was a faith difficult to maintain. By the time Arthur was five, his hair was turning gray, and lines appeared in his face. Veins protruded on his scalp and, because of stiffness in his joints, he walked in a peculiar manner.

When Arthur became six, there were new trials to be faced. As a pre-school youngster it had been possible to protect him by keeping him at home. People in the neighborhood had become accustomed to his gradually changing appearance, but he obviously shocked strangers who saw him for the first time. Mrs. Baldoy recalls clearly the first time she took Arthur downtown in Watsonville.

When we came home we both cried. Everybody stared at us. Arthur was now old enough to know that he was different from other children—some kind of a freak. Another crisis was reached when the time came to enrol Arthur at Linscott public school. Henry Mucelli, now the principal of Mae Quiddy School, where Arthur spent the last year of his life in 11th grade, recalls the interview. One of the teachers present calmly suggested that Arthur should attend the school for the handicapped. Heartbroken, Mrs. Baldoy took him to the special school where intelligence tests were administered. He passed with flying colors and returned to the Linscott school where he was to distinguish himself as a scholar in the first four grades.

What was life like for the small boy who looked like a wizened old man? As he became older he became more self-conscious about his gnomelike appearance. He was keen to forget that he was different from other children. He had to go to a certain local store where special shoes were ordered for him from San Francisco. For health reasons he was not allowed to attend football games in the chill autumn weather. "I wish I were like other kids," he complained. "Why do I have to be like this?" He puzzled over his illness. He would sneak into his mother's bedroom and stare at himself for several minutes at a time in her gilt-framed hand mirror. When he heard his mother coming, he would hastily put the mirror aside. In his cousin's home he spent much of the time poring over a large medical textbook as if he were trying to unravel the mystery of his malady. He was obviously hurt by the attention he attracted when he went to Sunday morning mass. "I don't want to go any more," he told his mother. She took him to see the parish priest, Father Meyer, who blessed him and encouraged him to keep up his church attendance. Arthur followed the priest's advice because he had a considerable interest in religion. He studied his Bible carefully and tried to engage his mother in religious discussions. At one point he chided her, "Gosh, Ma, you know practically nothing about religion."

During the last few years he tired easily and had to restrict his activities. He continued to walk to and from the library to get books, but now he punctuated the trips by sitting on steps to rest along the way. He would go to movies once or twice a week, but this took a great effort. "I get so tired," he said. "I have nothing to live for. I wish I were dead." His pastimes soon were limited to passive ones, watching TV, reading, playing cards and checkers, keeping the family budget.

In September of 1961, he entered the fifth grade of the Mae Quiddy Public School. His teacher was Dorothy Urree, a handsome, forthright woman who had been working with children for thirty years. She sat him in the front row of the class where his slow work didn't be blocked by children who were giants by comparison. He was a serious student, with a particular aptitude for reading. As the autumn wore on Arthur's health grew worse and he was frequently absent. "We would sometimes talk about him when he was away," says Miss Urree. "The children showed a sensitive understanding of his predicament. One girl said Arthur must feel very sad inside. We must help make him happy." In the schoolyard when some of the younger children would tease him with epithets like "dwarf" and "midget" his own classmates came to his rescue. One day in December when Arthur's health and spirits were particularly low, Mrs. Baldoy summoned Father Meyer who heard the boy's confession. After the priest left Arthur said, "I don't want to die yet. I want to see Victor walk."

There were worse days ahead. Early on the morning of New Year's Day 1962 Mrs. Baldoy found her son in pain and having difficulty with his breathing. She summoned Dr. Otto Schmida, a young pediatrician whose office is located in Aptos, about ten miles away. Doctors at Stanford had fascinated Schmida with the nature of Arthur's illness. "I was dead tired after New Year's Eve," says Schmida, "but I quickly got dressed and opened the Baldoy home. Arthur had suffered a heart attack and his life hung in the balance. I took him to the Watsonville hospital and the next day moved him to the Stanford Medical Centre. He was to stay there for the next four and a half weeks."

Arthur had been a patient at Stanford from time to time since he was four years old. Entries in his hospital file indicate that his disease symptoms had progressed rapidly since his last admission a year earlier. It was noted that at eleven years of age his weight was only thirty-three pounds. The veins on his neck were distended, the muscles in his legs and arms were wasted and atrophied. Ironically, the movement of his joints, but his intelligence was unaffected. The entry ended with: "The patient did not deny his illness and recognized reality."

At Stanford Arthur was treated for congestive heart failure and was the object of an exhaustive series of investigations which might help unravel the riddle of progeria. "He was the saddest little boy I have ever seen," recalls Dr. Norman Kretchmer, head of the department of pediatrics. "He had good reason to be sad. He rarely talked. He had withdrawn from society," says Kretchmer.

Now began a long and seemingly endless series of tests requiring the taking of various samples from his body and the administration of injections. Arthur was co-operative although he was highly sensitive to the pain of the needles. "Dr. Bob Greenberg (Kretchmer's assistant) and I both flinched when it came time to give him the needles," recalls Kretchmer. "The boy had suffered enough; we didn't want to add to his discomfort."

Jeanne Bryen, a pretty girl from Flint, Michigan, was Arthur's favorite nurse. When the boy's heart condition had improved somewhat, Dr. Kretchmer instructed Miss Bryan to devote herself to making him happy. Miss Bryen was in the pediatric ward through choice. A member of a large family herself, she derived deep satisfaction from ministering to children.

At first Arthur's appearance horrified me," Miss Bryan told me. "I couldn't even look at him. But after two weeks he looked no different to me than any other patient."

Miss Bryan applied all her skill, experience and energy to her new assignment. She played cards and checkers with Arthur, helped him build model planes, watched TV with him. At times she spent whole days wheeling him around the hospital grounds. He especially loved watching the mountains in the courtyard. He was fond of visiting the vending-machine room where he could buy soft drinks and popsicles. Sometimes Miss Bryan pushed her chair into the offices of her friends, Nancy Lucas and Beth Sunshine, medical secretaries. Sometimes Arthur would offer me a popsicle as a token of friendship," recalls Miss Lucas, "but we would seldom say very much." Even with Miss Bryan, on whom he loved he exchanged few words. Arthur kept his feelings and emotions to himself," she says.

According to the staff who tended him, these private feelings were deep and painful. His health was declining; he was depressed and he ate poorly. He knew that many patients and visitors were shocked by his grotesque appearance. He was weary of the endless procession of doctors who came to his room—Number C 375—to peer at him. Noise bothered him. He began declining Miss Bryan's invitations to play checkers or tour the hospital grounds. Dr. Ketchmer couldn't tempt him out of his gloom with a new model airplane. Mostly he just wanted to lie in bed, concealed by a huge, patterned curtain. He now resigned himself to an early death, perhaps even welcomed the event. His father urged Arthur to get well and come home to a big birthday party. Arthur replied quietly, "I'm not going to get well. There will be no more birthdays."

On February 2 Arthur was discharged from the Stanford Medical Centre. We couldn't help him and we wanted him to enjoy the solace and comfort of his home once again before he died," says Dr. Kretchmer, who estimated that Arthur had about a month to live. He was wrong. Time was to run out on the boy in five days.

Mrs. Baldoy recalls those last poignant days. Fatigued, Arthur spent most of his time in bed occasionally wandering into the living room to sit on the striped sofa and watch TV. He forbade his mother to carry him. "He didn't want me to feel sorry for him," she said. He continued to spend long periods gazing at himself in his mother's mirror. He frequently complained to his mother about the other children. "Please tell them not to be so wild and noisy," he said. "I need my sleep." He insisted on being taken to Centreville, ten miles away, to visit Adalia Isidro, one of his mother's friends of whom he was very fond. He didn't object to being carried to and from the car.

His mother sensed a difference in his behavior early on February 6—the last day of his life. Arthur seemed to be acutely aware of the passage of time. He listened to the clock ticking away the seconds, stared at the calendar. He repeatedly gazed at the brightly colored reprint of Christ which hung on the living room wall beside the sofa. In the afternoon he begged his mother to go to the store and buy him an orange soft drink. "But hurry," he said. That was the day, too, that his little brother Victor took his first faltering steps by himself.

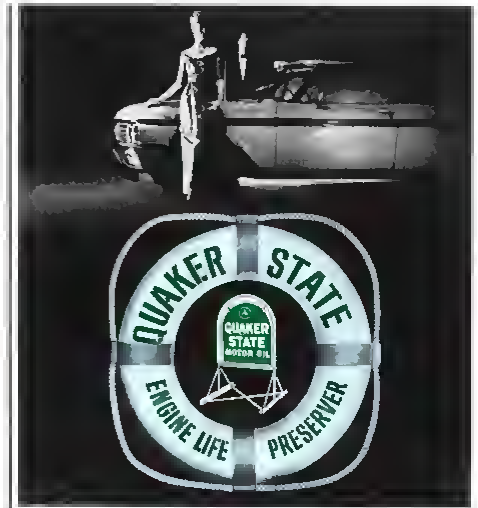
That evening the Baldoy family had supper at the usual time, 5:30 p.m. Mrs. Baldoy emotionally spent an hour, alternating speaking to relatives and friends on the telephone. On this day, Arthur made a strange request. "Don't talk on the phone tonight," he said. After supper he sat on the sofa and talk. Mrs. Baldoy agreed and elected to wash the dishes in the kitchen, occasionally looking out at the black sky and the pouring rain. She heard a cry and rushed to Arthur's bedroom where she found him dying. "I talked to him but he never heard me," she said. Beside the boy on the bed lay the gilt-framed mirror.

Dr. Schmida was summoned and pronounced the boy dead. His body was immediately removed to the Stanford Medical Centre for an autopsy. It will probably take two years for Stanford's scientists to complete their investigation of the materials provided by the Baldoy case. Hopes are high for at least a partial breakthrough in our understanding of progeria. Some of my friends criticized me for allowing the autopsy," says Mrs. Baldoy. "I don't agree with them. Arthur didn't have a chance. Maybe some other kid will. I know that's the way Arthur felt. He had so much sense."

It was still raining the next day when Arthur was buried in the Valley Catholic Cemetery. After the funeral Father Meyer came over to comfort the bereaved mother. "It's a blessing that his suffering is over," he said. Mrs. Baldoy later explained to me, "I didn't feel that way. In spite of everything I could only see Arthur as my little boy. He was sweet, he was likable. It's like Dr. Kretchmer told me, when Arthur left the hospital for the last time, 'I never liked a boy so much.' ★



The face of progeria. *A rare disease known as progeria aged Arthur Baldoy even before he was seven (above). He died at eleven last February 6.*

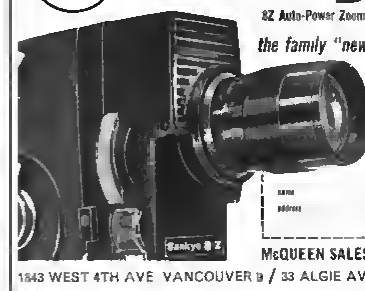


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POPULAR ART

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A typical reproduction-painter paints fast, gets very little publicity and a lot of money

and not very much of that. They set their own standards and they make their own heroes. Occasionally these heroes are the same as those of painting-buyers — Vincent Van Gogh, for instance, manages to cut across class lines—but for the most part the heroes of reproduction buyers are unknown outside the department stores and the hundreds of thousands of homes of the buyers.

One such hero is Robert Wood, a painter of slapdash landscapes. If you judge the importance of artists on sale in Canada by popularity alone, then Wood is first and the rest are nowhere. Most artists count their sales of originals in the dozens and a really popular painter may work his way into fifty or sixty homes in the course of a good year. Even those famous painters who are widely reproduced like Renoir or Degas, probably sell only a few hundred reproductions a year in Canada. But Robert Wood always sells in the thousands. In Toronto alone, 3,000 Wood reproductions are sold every year and about 500 of these are of his best-selling picture, October Morn. Last year, between August and January, a single department store, Simpson's, sold 600 Wood reproductions. During this time no critic wrote about him and no women's committee gave him a prize. But he was easily the Toronto public's first choice among all the artists of history.

Wood is a seventy three year-old Englishman who lives in Laguna Beach, Calif. He is a typical reproduction-painter in several ways: he receives practically no publicity, he makes a great deal of money, and he paints very fast. He holds, in fact, what he believes is the world record for fast painting by oil freestyle. "I painted a hundred pictures one day," he says with pride in his voice, "another hundred the next day, and seventy the day after that, a total of 270 pictures in just three days. What's more, I sold every one of them. However, I've slackened my pace during the past few years." Sales of Wood reproductions have by now gone into the millions, and department stores all over North America promote him. One time an American department store advertised "Reproductions of famous masterpieces by such painters as Utrillo, Renoir, Rembrandt, Robert Wood." His originals also sell handsomely. They are handled by wholesalers.

Though reproduction buyers seem to unite in their affection for Robert Wood, they are divided in other ways. Predictably, women prefer Degas-type ballerinas, water colors of flowers, and views of Paris. Men are more likely to buy Canadian pictures, not out of nationalism but out of an affection for rugged landscapes. Franz Johnston, the Canadian artist, is a favorite; his Cabin in the Woods and Loggers' Trail are so popular that at times he's almost in the Robert Wood class. There is some evidence that reproduction buyers, men or women, are addicted to reproductions which aren't quite what they seem to be. Coles, the chain of cut-rate bookstores, has a fast-moving line of "art masterpieces with luxurious frames" (from $1.98 to $9.98) whose chief attraction seems to be that they look a little like genuine hand-painted pictures; the surfaces are so contrived as to suggest the uneven texture of paintings.

But there is another kind of sleight-of-hand which is even more popular among reproduction buyers. This is the masterpiece which is painted by someone other than a master. Hahdah's French girls are in this class; they look rather like Renoir or another Impressionist, but they are in a way more Impressionist than the Impressionists ever were. The artist emphasizes the sweetness and gentleness of the master, drops away the other qualities and leaves the buyer with a hazy impression of nineteenth century French painting. In the same way a kind of mock-Utrillo is popular for faux popular Paris scenes; harlow Utrillos charm and manage to make it even more charming. What is left in this case is Utrillo without the talent.

Some reproduction buyers do not much care exactly what they buy. The manager of one Toronto store's art department admits that "People who are really interested in art won't come to a department store to buy their prints." Women frequently come to the department stores bearing samples of drapery fabric which they want to match with a painting, but the woman who recently turned up at a store with an old frame she wanted filled was unusual. Frames do, however, have a crucial importance in the reproduction trade. The department stores, offering similar lines of prints at similar prices, compete in the framing. Eaton's prides itself on elaborate provincial frames in which the join scarcely shows; Simpson's claims it has the widest variety of frames.

Where the two worlds of painting buyers and reproduction-buyers nudge each other a little nervously is at the reproduction counters in the public art museums. The patrons here and the patrons of department stores are two quite different groups as the sales of Van Gogh reproductions last year demonstrated. When the great Van Gogh exhibition was touring the country, the department stores as well as the art galleries stocked up on reproductions of his best pictures; the galleries sold them, but the department stores couldn't give them away. Department-store patrons, it turned out, just didn't care about the work of Van Gogh.

Most of the public galleries sell cheap reproductions of their major pictures, though the high cost of engraving—$1,000 to $3,000 a picture—keeps them from reproducing the whole collection. The Art Gallery of Toronto has reproduced twenty four; the National Gallery at Ottawa forty six. In sales the National is easily the leader. Last year it sold about 4,000 reproductions for around $60,000. As at the other public galleries, the Group of Seven painters were the favorites. A. Y. Jackson's Red Maple, at $10, and Arthur Lismer's Rem in the North Country, at $8, were the 1961 best sellers.

But not all the art galleries are happy about their role as merchandisers of reproduced art. Art gallery directors tend to feel a responsibility to sell the work of living artists, or at least make it possible for such work to be sold. All those sales at the reproductions counters make the directors wonder whether the same buyers couldn't afford to purchase original oil paintings—or, at least, prints, the lithographs and engravings which come from the artist's own hand.

William Withrow, the young director of the Art Gallery of Toronto, has obviously been brooding about this problem for some time. "It's time the Canadian public was weaned from reproductions," he says. "People with $200-$300 to spend on a picture should have the courage to support their own artists instead of falling back on the safe and familiar prints. And it's time stores tried improving public taste by stocking the highest, not the lowest, common denominator of popular art. It might take years but it would work."

Most of the people in the Canadian Art Establishment—the successful painters and the hordes of critics, directors, and curators who surround them—look on reproduction art with hostility and even disgust. Alan Jarvis, the former director of the National Gallery, says "Most of the reproductions sold in Canada are terrible junk." What can be done about it? One store that tries to follow Withrow's advice is the House of Prints, on Hayter Street in the village area of Toronto. Jens Nielsen, who has run the reproduction department there for the last year, is one answer to the department-store managers who stock only what they know will sell: he's an informed dealer who can and does influence the taste of reproduction buyers. The favorite at the House of Prints is a cubist painting by the American artist Lyonel Feininger. Nielsen has sold 150 copies of it in the last year by promoting it enthusiastically. He finds it's a great argument-solver: when a husband wants to buy an abstract picture and a wife wants an Impressionist, Nielsen produces Feininger and makes a sale. This is the way of the art educator.

But even Nielsen's customers haven't graduated quickly to buying original oils. There is a theory that people become familiar with art by owning reproductions and then eventually move over to buying originals. But it can also work the other way: reproductions can spoil the taste for paintings or limit the possibility of such a taste being developed. Reproductions tend to be stronger and clearer and more *pleasant* than the paintings themselves. The colors are often more intense, and the brush-strokes are neatly hidden. To someone accustomed to reproductions, paintings can even seem vaguely offensive: their scratchy, messy surfaces seem unprofessional after the slick, smooth surfaces of reproduced art. The class line between the two kinds of art consumers is still not an easy one to cross. ★

JASPER — **By Simpkins**



"I'm tired of hearing them say 'Just leave it, the bears will clean it up'"

WHY THE RARIFIED AIR THAT STREAMS THROUGH ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASSES DOES WONDERS FOR WHISKY

On a clear day in Calgary, Alberta, you can see one of the natural wonders of the world. To the west, only 80 miles away, the Rocky Mountains stand as eternal sentinels silhouetted against the horizon, and once you have seen this sight, it is forever engraved in your mind.

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Canadian whisky matures in white oak barrels. The ageing process is long and slow, and while some of the larger distilleries have found ways to speed it up, the people at ADL like nature to take its own time.

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FAREWELL TO TORONTO

continued from page 20

'Canada's best hotel and best newspaper are both in Toronto"

roof of the Park Plaza Hotel. I think incidentally, is the best hotel in Canada. If you get the impression that Toronto is absolutely flat. This is because in Toronto the hills don't run up, they run down. The slopes and the greenery are hidden in the ravines that cut through the city like the veins of a leaf. In the ravines you can walk for miles among trees and green grass. Errol Bodsworth, the well-known natural-st and outdoorsman who lives in Toronto's east end, says a naturally thrifty birdwatcher should log up to two hundred species in a season there. You can also ski after a fashion on a very short hill with a rope tow) or skate on the thirty night artificial ice rinks that the city maintains or swim in the thirty three swimming pools, or play tennis on the 267 municipal courts, or otherwise disport yourself on the 3,600 acres of municipal parkland.

But the quickest and best way out of Toronto is to take the forty- six eight thousand people do on a summer Sunday to one of the three islands that enclose Toronto Harbor. The islands used to be mostly summer homes for the rich, then year-round homes for the not-so-rich, and there are still about two hundred families who own houses there. But they are gradually being winkled out as the city takes over, when owners die or move. already the islands are mostly parks, public beaches and yacht club moorings. From anywhere on the islands Toronto appears as a distant lovely silhouette. The air if the breeze is off the lake is as fresh as it is in the Laurentians. A few years ago the whole waterfront was too polluted for swimming, but that situation is improving—three miles of beach can be used now, and more each year as conservation measures take effect. For anyone who owns a small boat as thousands of Torontonians do, the delights of rustic solitude are only half an hour away. And if you think only the rich can afford boats, you are wrong. Even a fairly large boat costs less than an automobile, and you don't need a car in Toronto. You can get around just as fast by bus and subway (plus the occasional very occasional taxi). To go from end to end of Canada's only subway—almost five miles) takes only fifteen minutes, and this of course is very metropolitan and a point of civic pride—but the subway is not what I'll remember about Toronto. I'll remember the rather old-fashioned bus that trundles every ten minutes or so through the old-fashioned district where we lived. You don't have to run for our bus, or not more than a few token steps, to indicate you want to catch it. If the bus driver sees you, he will wait. He will also stop and pick you up at any point on the sidewalk. It's even a little difficult to walk downtown when a pleasant thing to do on fine mornings without seeming a bit ingracious when the bus slows down alongside and opens its door. It's not just the bus drivers who are human, it's everybody you deal with in a household way—the milkman, the laundry man, the man who puts on the storm windows. I remember once telephoning to see if the grocer sold turpentine. "No, we don't carry it," he said, "but there's a hardware shop just up the street—I'll have you sent and send it with your order." He did, too. The place to buy green vegetables was a shop called Dom and Tony's. Dom and Tony have prospered in recent years, but they still run the shop as the kind of family enterprise it was before the war when it was a hole in the wall operated on a shoestring. "I wouldn't buy asparagus today if I were you," they will say. "It's not very good. We may have some better tomorrow." Dom and Tony are Italians, of course—by origin, that is.

Toronto now has about a hundred and thirty thousand Italians, four times as many as in 1951. There are also four times as many Germans, twice as many Danish, more than half again as many Frenchmen. Altogether about a third of all Torontonians are "non Anglo-Saxon" numbers and to only a quarter of them ten years ago and a much smaller fraction before the war. You can buy French and German magazines at almost any newsstand now, and you can find a restaurant serving every kind of exotic food you ever heard of. So the new climate about Toronto is the vast change the New Canadians have wrought, the cosmopolitan city they've created out of old true blue Tory Toronto. Actually the new climate is almost as misleading as the old ones. True there are parts of town called Little Italy or Little Germany, where the shop signs are in foreign languages and the brown houses advertise strange wines. These are for the newcomers, the newest Canadians who have only just arrived. Mainly they are not the heirs and purveyors of old European cultures. Mainly they are penniless workers who came not to reach but to learn, and who are learning. Give them a few more years and they'll be Canadians without a hyphen, as Dom and Tony and thousands of others are now. They'll be proud of it too. They may be changing Toronto, but not as much as Toronto is changing them.

Toronto is not turning into a new Rome or a New Hamburg or even a New London—Toronto has a self of its own. There's plenty in it to dislike. The big convention hotels, for one thing, which are all the average visitor ever sees of the place and maybe the reason why those old jokes survive. The raunchy student afternoon papers (though the Star is a lot better than it was and the morning Globe and Mail is the best newspaper in Canada). The big expressways that gobble up huge tracts of town. The flat faceless architecture, that's soon going to have a monopoly at University Avenue. The already square miles of strawberry boxhouses, all dull and all identical, that stretch into a Sahara of suburbia. Toronto's reputation for stuffiness is not wholly unfounded either. It's possible to gather a party of leading citizens and hear it turn out the dullest damn party you ever found yourself trapped in. But come to think of it, I've known that to happen in other towns, too. Come to think of it, there aren't many of Toronto's faults that are wholly unfamiliar elsewhere. Maybe if the rest of us Canadians spent a little less time telling each other old Toronto jokes, and a little more time noticing the beam in our own eye, we could make Canada more fun to live in. ★



MACLEAN'S

"I only have a minute but tell me all about nuclear physics"



THE MARRYING KIND

continued from page 13

What Santa got for Christmas a car crash and a bigamy charge

he had served his sentence he planned to marry his second wife. And that will be the last time, he promised.

LaVear and Garwood were two of the forty Canadian men (and ten women) who are arrested in an average year for bigamy. Just how many people actually commit bigamy is something the police can only guess at. Thousands," said one veteran Toronto morality squad officer. A lawyer who handles many bigamy cases estimates that perhaps one bigamist in ten is found out. This is because bigamy is one of the few crimes that almost never comes to light unless police are tipped off — usually by a victimized spouse, an outraged in-law or a vengeful friend.

Sometimes the informant does not realize the serious consequences of a bigamy charge. The parents of a sixteen year-old Toronto girl who married a forty-year-old man discovered that he had previously been married and reported him to police. When he was arrested the in-laws protested bitterly to the officers. "He's the only one in the family with a job," pointed out the mother-in-law. "We don't want him put in jail. We only wanted you to throw a scare into him so he'd behave himself and not leave our daughter as he left his other wife."

Occasionally bigamy is revealed literally by accident as in the case at Christmastime two years ago when Santa Claus was caught. William Francis, impersonating Santa in a Hamilton, Ont. department store was involved in a car accident one night on his way home. When his wife searched through his papers for an insurance policy she found evidence that Fenety had been married before. Her Christmas present to her husband was a charge of bigamy.

The paradox behind the difficulty of detecting bigamists by usual police methods is that the Canadian bigamist is probably the most predictable of criminals. An analysis of the "who and where" of bigamy reveals that a Quebec or Saskatchewan housewife with a college degree and aged over thirty-five is almost certain not to commit bigamy, whereas Toronto man under thirty-five, who never got past public school and are employed in one of the mobile occupations — traveling salesmen, construction workers and transportation employees — are prime suspects. At any rate men who fit that description commit bigamy many times often than all other Canadians combined. Their counterparts in Vancouver are a not-too-close second, other Canadians are also easy to spot in the national bigamy statistics. (Technically, bigamy describes one marriage in addition to a first legal marriage; additional marriages become polygamy. But bigamy is the term popularly applied to any number of extra marriages.)

Bigamy is a crime of the big cities. Every year bigamists arrested in urban areas outnumber rural cases by as many as ten to one. This is because it is easier to lose oneself in a crowded city than in the country where everybody knows everybody's business and "marriage lines" go back two and three generations. Occasionally a rural Lothario tries a sort of "town-and-country" marriage as in the case of Thomas Simmons, who had one wife in Toronto and another running his Uxbridge. Ont., chicken farm. Simmons was tripped up by a farm neighbor who met the Toronto Mrs. Simmons and pointed out to her that there was also a rural Mrs. Simmons.

Bigamy is a crime of the undereducated. Every year among high-minds those with no more than an elementary school education outnumber high school graduates by about two to one. No more than one or two people with college educations are arrested each year for bigamy, which may only prove that smart people don't get caught. On the other hand, there are hundreds of well to do Canadians who are at least technically bigamists. They are the people who have remarried after getting divorces in Mexico or the U.S. on grounds not recognized in Canada.

Almost never are such bigamists charged but on more than one occasion Canadian lawyers have expressed the opinion that there could be trouble in store for many an upper bracket marriage that followed a Mexican or Reno divorce. "The reason why these bigamous marriages don't come out into the open is that bigamy charges are almost always the result of someone laying a complaint. In these cases who is going to complain? The divorced wife! She was probably in on the deal in the first place and has remarried or is getting good alimony.

Bigamy is a young man's game. Almost every year Canadian men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five outnumber older bigamists by a considerable margin — even though they are outnumbered in this total adult

PARADE

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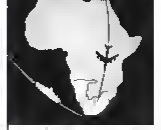
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mala population by two to one. Unaccountably, though, in an occasional year the oldsters have their fling. For example, 1949 was a big year for middle-aged bigamists. So was 1959. Much the same sporadic outburst applies to women bigamists. Although over the past ten years male bigamists have outnumbered women by more than four to one, in 1957 an outbreak of female bigamy cut this ratio down to a mere two to one.

Why do men take the initiative in bigamy so much more often than women? According to one psychiatrist who has studied the whole problem, it is partly because women have a greater respect for the sanctity of marriage and the home. Then he added a little ungallantly: "Of course, a woman who has been married is likely to have a child or two around, and a prospective husband will want to know how come. Men are free to roam without the *prima facie* evidence of a former marriage in the shape of children.

Why do people commit bigamy anyway? The question has long fascinated psychiatrists because it represents a conscious decision to take a crucial step in the face of alternatives that apparently would have less painful penalties if discovered. Why not enter common-law marriage, as a solution to the need for illicit togetherness? The answer is most often the situation pointed up in an old College Humor cartoon in which the man said to the girl: "Let's get married or something." The girl answers: "Let's get married—or nothing."

Or, as Dr. Angus Hood, director of the Toronto Mental Health Clinic, puts it: "The bigamist may feel more secure in marriage—even bigamous marriage. His fear of losing the loved one may be so great that he feels she is bound to him by the marriage, even though he knows it isn't a legal one. Perhaps he is afraid to tell her that he isn't free to marry, thus risking losing her. In the beginning he may have lied about his marital status and then he becomes so caught up in the web of lies that he is afraid to try to extricate himself."

But the answers to "why bigamy?" given by the perpetrators themselves when the law caught up with them are more varied and less logical. When Dorothy Scanlon bigamously married sixty-eight-year-old Edward Hewson in Toronto, she explained: "I was grateful to him. He wanted a wife and a home and I wanted to give them to him."

Joseph LaVear, Winnipeg's six-time loser, had two explanations: sometimes a war injury caused him to forget previous marriages; sometimes when he got drunk an irrepressible urge to marry seized him. Seward Garwood LaVear's enchampion bigamist, told Magistrate Anthony Falzetta at his most recent trial in Sudbury that mother-in-law trouble dogged his footsteps from marriage to marriage and caused his decision to move on. Commented the magistrate dryly: "I would have thought that would be a deterrent to further marriages." "I did it for the sake of the women," Garwood answered earnestly.

Another form of mother-in-law pressure caused one man to commit bigamy. He had left a wife and three children in England when he came to Canada. He continued to support them and planned to bring them out. Meanwhile he dated another girl who became pregnant. Arrested, he pleaded in court: "I told her that I was already married but her mother insisted that I marry her daughter anyway." She said an illegitimate father was better than an illegitimate child. But probably Thomas Simmons, the Uxbridge chicken farmer, spoke for most bigamists when he told the court, in reference to his second wife: "I don't know how I come to marry the girl."

Bigamists in Canada (at least those who have been caught) never seem to reach the heights of scheming and ingenuity in which the British in particular seem adept. Canadian bigamy is almost always a matter of a man or woman marrying and living with one partner at a time without the formality of legally parting with previous spouses. This is not the stuff of which high-comedy movies like Captain's Paradise are made. (In Captain's Paradise Alec Guinness plays a sea captain who maintains a snug home at each end of his ship's regular run.)

Perhaps the most ingenious of all bigamists outdoing any movie plot was William Leigh, an English truck driver. He maintained two homes, two wives and two sets of children only five miles apart in the English countryside. At Charlton cum Hardy lived Emily, his wife of thirty-three years with their four children. At Ancotts (where he went by the name of Spencer) lived Elsie with four children. William managed this blissful arrangement for sixteen long years.

He even gave his two sets of four children identical names so that if he had a lapse of memory he would not arouse suspicion by calling one of his children by an unfamiliar name. Unfortunately a fifth child was born to the Charlton cum Hardy family and that necessitated a fifth name which was not duplicated at the other household. Once enough one day he called a child in his Ancotts family by the name of the fifth child in the Charlton cum Hardy family. His wife Elsie became suspicious and followed him to wife Emily. They presented each other with marriage certificates and the long honeymoon was over for William.

He was sentenced to eighteen months in prison. As he looked at his two wives seated in the courtroom he remarked, somewhat philosophically, "I hope you're satisfied now." ★

PARADE
Fishing Fry

A motoring party from Chatham, Ont., bound for Windsor on Highway 2, noted that along one stretch a drainage ditch bordered the road and was awirl with water from recent rains. Then ahead they saw a tractor rumbling along the edge of the ditch. When they overtook it they discovered that in addition to the driver there were three other young lads clinging to it—all with fishing rods out trolling the waters of the ditch.

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE — AUGUST 11, 1962



Comrade Popov in Russia the circus is culture

Oleg Popov will make you laugh only in the approved communist manner

OLEG POPOV, a young aristocrat of the new Soviet society, comes to Canada this month as a cultural ambassador wearing the garments of a circus clown. But he's no ordinary clown. In the Soviet Union Popov is as widely respected as Laurence Olivier and as popular as Bob Hope. He earns $900 a month, the same as a prima ballerina, and he occupies a place of importance in Soviet culture.

Popov was unknown outside Russia until six years ago, when the Moscow Circus began its triumphant tours of western Europe, Britain and Asia. On those trips he quickly earned a reputation as the world's greatest clown, and European critics began calling him "the Russian Chaplin." This month Popov and the Moscow Circus come to North America for the first time, in a six week tour (Aug. 28 to Oct. 7) of Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec.

Despite comparisons with Chaplin, Popov isn't much like any western clown or comedian. The Soviet clown, in accordance with communist ideology, is a good scout. He smiles and sings under difficulties. He never hurts people, only helps them. His costume, character, training and attitude towards the audience are all determined by the Soviet way of life.

Popov doesn't paint a mask on his face, put on a red nose and wig, or wear the pawn-shop clothes of a hobo. His clown is neither irresponsible nor laughable to look at. He's more of an eccentric, an awkward, wide-eyed waif.

He wears soft shoes, loud socks, striped trousers, Sunday-best vest and jacket, black-and-white plaid sports shirt, butterfly bow tie, and the mime's badge of office, a cane. His roundly youthful face is gently retouched. Black underlines the roguish mobile eyes, and a blob of putty snubs the nose. His own carroty hair hangs straight about his ears, set off by a red-and-yellow checked mob cap. Nothing is exaggerated. Subtlety of gesture and effect is possible in the intimacy of the European-style one-ring circus. Besides, this Russian clown is a respectable character, not a creature ridiculous by nature.

Popov has a more important role to play than the star clowns of western circuses. In addition to his star turns he appears after each number while the equipment in the ring is being prepared. He functions as a kind of one-man Greek chorus: he bridges, comments, imitates, and parodies. After a lion-taming act he demonstrates his mastery over a goose; after a balancing act, he manages with the greatest of difficulty to balance a doll glued to a stick. He's teasing, curious, skillfully awkward, spunky, timid and brilliant by turns. Sometimes he's a musician, sometimes a magician or a cook.

Popov also deals in social satire and topical jokes (space is the favorite topic since Sputnik 1) though his main line is pantomime. He even made fun of Khrushchev in public and got away with it. It was just after the Russians had sent a rocket around the moon, offering as proof a photograph of the far side. Popov sent up his own rocket, a hopeless dud that landed a few feet from the launching pad. In a shocked silence, he pulled a piece of paper from the wreckage and broke up with contagious laughter. Then in a perfect parody of the triumphant Khrushchev, he waved his own moon picture.

The main difference between communist and capitalist clowns, Soviet cultural authorities like to say, is that Russian clowns are not so rude and not so sad. Popov does not lose his pants, get beaten with the slapstick or make vulgar noises. His adventures, not his misfortunes, make the audience laugh; so there is no reason for him to be a sad clown.

Popov has more in common with Chaplin than with the famous American clown Emmet Kelly, even though Chaplin works outside the traditional circus skills. But their roles are significantly different. Where Chaplin plays a lamb to a lion's world, Popov is more like a friendly bear cub, mischievous, bumbling, endlessly good natured. Or, as the Soviets see it, Chaplin is a good guy in conflict with a hostile society, while Popov is at one with his comrades.

Popov can talk ideology with the best of them. "The clown in the traditional mask," he says, "is separated from real life by the very image he is creating. In capitalist circuses, a clown must accept the role of buffoon. The comedian on the other hand, is much closer to real life. He is a truly living person close to every workingman."

Pravda, the official communist newspaper, puts it another way. "The Soviet circus is cultured herein lies its main distinction from any bourgeois circus." The Moscow Circus actually has a lot in common with bourgeois circuses. The important difference is that the circus in Russia enjoys the same cultural prestige as theatre or opera, the artists rate high in society, and the audiences are sophisticated. Foreigners are often amazed by the change that overcomes even the most formidable Russians at the circus. My own guide in Leningrad, a university graduate with iron principles, giggled like a three-year-old every time Popov appeared in the ring.

Popov was born in 1930, the son of a doctor. He became a clown the way you become anything in the Soviet Union: by studying. Originally apprenticed as a locksmith, he won a place in the National School of Circus Arts after mastering some tricks in private. He majored in tightrope walking, minored in juggling, but on graduation was told: "Listen, young man, you're not a tightrope performer, you're a clown."

For three years he worked the rope, searching all the while for his own clown image. In 1952, when the Moscow Circus needed a clown, Popov was ready.

Like the Red Army Chorus, the circus tour is part of an official cultural exchange between Canada and the USSR. We get Popov and the trained bears this season; next season they get Walter Susskind and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

WENDY MICHENER

THIS FORTNIGHT



ROBERT FULFORD

Hello out there

MASS COMMUNICATIONS took a rather curious turn a couple of years ago when the masses suddenly started communicating with the professional communicators. This was when those telephone-answering shows started, the shows on which a radio announcer sits around the studio answering the phone and broadcasting his conversations. For the first time, local radio became a sport for participants. The first programs had the boredom as well as the fascination of conversations heard over a transom, but they were enormously popular. Now every city has one, the air is full of strange voices, and the old-fashioned rural party line has turned into mass communications.

Last month John Dickins, an announcer at CFPL in London, Ontario, carried the process a step further. He taped his broadcasts, selected the liveliest calls, and put them together on an LP anthology titled A Year on the Phone. In the first few weeks it sold 600 copies, at $2.

This might seem to prove only that people will buy LPs of anything—but in fact A Year on the Phone proves to be rather more than just a radio station promotion. It reminded me often of Nathanael West's nightmare novel, Miss Lonelyhearts, in which an advice columnist on a newspaper starts out to do a routine job and finds himself involved in the grotesque problems of his readers. Dickins hears from an old collection of people. A woman calls in to talk about her mother's death from cancer. A man calls to complain that women spend too much money, then calls back a couple of weeks later to say that his wife has now left him and he's saving lots of money. People phone in to describe fires burning in their neighbors' houses. One pitiful man calls to confess that he's an alcoholic, and doesn't know where to turn, and you hear his wife shouting at him in the background. Several people call to discuss discrimination in housing, and one Negro woman states with flat resignation that "I don't think we'll ever be accepted as human beings."

A West Indian intellectual, George Lamming, who is visiting Canada, mentioned on TV the other day that phone-call radio was to him one of the most fascinating aspects of Canadian life. Certainly it shows that the mass media can do some pretty unpredictable things just when some of us start saying that they are getting much too predictable. Half a dozen years ago the movies looked like a dull, dying



John Dickins, strange voices in the air over London

business—now there are plenty of new, serious directors and plenty of art houses to show their work. Similar developments turn up everywhere a TV program rather threateningly titled The Dick Powell Show turns out to be an excellent anthology of offbeat plays, the girlie magazines in the United States turn out to be purveyors of among other things, some unusual fiction, night-club and TV comedy suddenly transforms itself into a vehicle for social criticism. And now private radio—which looked, for a while there, like a kind of louder, all-day juke-box—has become a means by which the authentic voice of the people makes itself heard. For people who take the trouble to examine them, the mass media turn out to be more interesting than their critics usually admit.

□ IN THE SECOND WEEK of July all that other junk orbiting in space was joined by a new device, Telstar, the latest of science's contributions to mass communications. Telstar makes trans-Atlantic live television possible, more or less. Everything still depends, of course, on uncontrollable factors: the weather, the condition of your own set, and whether there's anything worth watching. Telstar is an achievement with rather limited implications, as the first, rather hilarious test broadcasts demonstrated. The United States, which paid for Telstar and therefore got the first crack, opened the operation by transmitting pictures of the American flag. Immediately France replied by sending over a program of Yves Montand and a beautiful blonde named Michele Arnaud, both singing love songs. Britain's response was to announce that the French weren't playing fair: the entertainment wasn't supposed to come till later. Finally Canada announced that it would, at the proper time, transmit pictures of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

The opening ceremonies, aside from their usefulness to students of national character, were discouraging. The British-French argument cast a shadow over Telstar's future as a promoter of international friendship in this field it figured to be about as helpful as the Olympic Games. More than that, however, the statements of self-congratulation from the companies and agencies involved were curiously inflated.

The fact is that before Telstar the broadcasters already had the technical means to provide Europeans and North Americans with fascinating and illuminating views of each other and the world. It takes only six hours to fly a piece of videotape here from Europe, and only a day or so to bring one from China. But these facilities are rarely used with intelligence. How often have we seen interesting events of the world covered at length? When violence breaks out in the Congo, or Russia holds a crucial party congress, or Castro gives an important speech, or Adenauer and De Gaulle suddenly begin appearing in public together, we are shown 90 seconds worth of film on the late-night news and a half-hour documentary a week later.

The reason is that both the CBC and the American networks have fallen into a rigid pattern. Time is organized in 30-minute and 60-minute chunks and sold to sponsors for months in advance. This means that (a) News events must be as compelling as space shots or coronations in order to push aside the sponsors' programs. (b) News shows must be fitted into time spots that they may or may not suit — a discussion demanding an hour may be squeezed into half an hour, or a film which would be interesting at 20 minutes must be stretched out with boring commentary to an hour.

This arbitrary pattern of time periods inherited from radio, was adopted by TV without much thought or discussion. Before anyone knew what had happened television was in a straightjacket. It will emerge to freedom and flexibility only when television executives learn that public affairs and news can't be fitted neatly into snug compartments. When that happens "news specials" will be commonplace rather than extraordinary: they will be flung onto the networks in response to news events themselves rather than to the demands of schedules. Until that day, the achievement of Telstar will remain unimpressive.

TELEVISION

The roller-coaster success story of Jack Duffy

Place: Hallway outside the offices of Roncom productions in New York. Nick Vanoff, the producer of the Perry Como Show, meets Canadian comedian and singer Jack Duffy for the first time.

Producer: So you're Jack Duffy, eh? All right, let's see. . . . (Pregnant pause while producer thinks.) Ah, I've got it! What would you do if someone said, "Hey, Jack, I saw my neighbor's cat out with your cat last night."

Jack Duffy: (His shoulders twitch, his face contorts, he tries desperately to think of something devastatingly funny to say. He fails.)

Silence

Producer: (Laughing) Not bad, not bad at all, Jack. The part's yours.

The part was that of a comic foil to Perry Como, and the producer wasn't as crazy as he sounded out in the hall. At 36, Jack Duffy, who looks a little like Frank Sinatra and weighs less, has such an expressive face that Art Carney once said of him, "The only character this little strip of a guy couldn't play is Santa Claus." Last season Duffy's facial facility made him at $1,000 a week in minor parts on the Como show, one of television's quiet successes. He acquired the facility the hard way, by living through the ups and downs of a difficult career.

□ Going up. At age seven, Duffy is singing



Duffy and Como: a quiet success at $1,000 a week

for pennies before the local sports at the permanent floating crap game in Toronto's Woodbine park. At age 18, he is recording singing commercials for radio station CKEY and developing the wide range of voices that people will later call his comic repertoire.

□ Up. Duffy spends two years in the late 1940s as a vocalist with Tommy Dorsey.

□ Half way down. He spends four years on the road touring nightclubs in the eastern United States with a Toronto quartet called the Tawu Criers. Eventually the bookings peter out and Duffy returns to Toronto and appears occasionally on TV variety shows.

□ Way up. In 1958, the CBC gives Duffy his own music-and-comedy show, Here's Duffy, and pays him $550 a week. But the show doesn't even last out a season. Says Bill Davis, the producer, "It was just the wrong slot for Jack."

□ Way, Way Down. In 1960, Duffy earns only $4,000 playing supermarkets.

□ Way, Way Up. This year, with his salary from the Como show and receipts from night-club dates, Duffy will probably earn $40,000.

For Duffy, who is married and has a nine-year-old daughter, this is the big push for the big time. Offstage he is a nervous, ambitious man who wants to develop the kind of comic personality that lifted Chaplin and Stan Laurel out of the ranks of stand-up joke tellers. His chances for success of some kind look promising.

"The first couple of weeks Jack was on the Como show," says his manager, Bren Maxwell, "we would step out of the Ziegfeld theatre after the show and the stage door crowd would just ignore Jack. A couple of weeks later, they began taking a second look at him and whispering to each other, 'There's the guy who looks like Sinatra.' Then a couple of weeks after that, Jack stepped out one night and some of the faces lit up. Then it was 'Hey, there's Jack Duffy. Hiya Jack!'

H. J. MACDONALD

TV this fortnight:

□ PARADE PRESENTS JAZZ. One of the livelier shows of the last season, repeated with Jackie Cain, Roy Kral, and Maynard Ferguson, among others. (Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30 p.m. EDT.)

□ COUCHICHING CONFERENCE. The annual talkathon of the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs (this year concerned with The New Europe). Speakers include Raymond Aron and Etienne Hirsch. (Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 10 p.m. EDT.)

□ SOCCER. Chile vs. Brazil in the World Cup, from Chile. (Sunday, Aug. 5, at 3 p.m. EDT.)

□ THE TITANS. First half of a widely praised two-part series from Britain on Russia and the United States, with script by Malcolm Muggeridge. (Sunday, Aug. 12, at 10 p.m. EDT—part two runs a week later.)

THE PRESS

Innocent heroines and leering villains



THE FAMILY JOURNAL has had the same cover every month since 1882, and almost the same contents. Yet something like 50,000 women read every issue, and the Toronto publisher, Don McLachlin, makes a small profit on it. His successful magazine is the only pure 19th-century journal in 20th-century Canada.

"Any change now would kill the magazine," McLachlin says. The Journal is a 60-page, 25-cent romance magazine which prints six complete novelettes and nothing else in each issue. Its readers call it "the pink magazine" — its ancient woodcut cover is printed on startling fuchsia paper — and follow it with a fidelity that many a larger magazine would envy.

They know just what to expect. All stories are triangular—two young men pursue a beautiful young girl. One man is her true love, the other her false passion; one is an aristocrat or an artist, the other a working man. The background is usually so skeletal that the story could be set in either this or the last century.

In Straws in the Wind, a recent Family Journal novelette, Polly, the between-stairs maid for a wealthy family, becomes the innocent accomplice of Champernowne, "a leering monster" who wants to get rich by marrying the daughter of the house. Champernowne tries to seduce Polly while using her as an agent to arrange an elopement with her young mistress. But Polly likes the greengrocer's boy, and she defends her virtue with zeal. Typical Family Journal prose: "That Mr. Champernowne had so far forgotten himself as to kiss her was scandalous, but that she, instead of rebuking him with dignity, should have boxed his ears, seemed to her also rather appalling."

Polly is accused of theft while smuggling her mistress' jewels out to Champernowne, but her honor will not allow her to confess the elopement plot in order to save herself. She loses her situation and the greengrocer's boy. In the end, however, the elopement plot is uncovered, Polly's reputation is restored, and she marries the greengrocer's boy in the big house.

Although all the novels in the Family Journal involve a sexual conflict, the word "sex" is never used. The heroine may be modern enough to smoke, but she kisses at her peril. Physical attraction is called "a desire and delirium of the senses" or "flaming madness."

The Journal's working arrangements are as mysterious as its continued success, even McLachlin isn't quite sure just how it gets put together. The magazine was started in England in the 19th century by a subsidiary of the American News Company, which later published it in Toronto, and its Canadian offshoot has survived the original. McLachlin took it over in 1957 when American News abandoned the magazine business. The stories are still written and edited in England; they are put together by William Stevens, a printing firm, and McLachlin doesn't know what will be in an issue until he gets the mats from England. "Stevens in England don't know why they continue to supply the stories, unless it's because they have always done so."

Lately the circulation has increased a little, but McLachlin doesn't know why. "I just know that if it becomes really successful it will probably put me out of business." The reason is that the Journal is strictly cottage industry. McLachlin works full time as circulation manager of the Northern Miner and the Journal has no office, no staff, and no advertisers. Mrs. McLachlin handles the books in their living room and answers letters from readers who write in to complain about their patterns or enquire where they can buy a book on embroidery.

Both McLachlins agree that ordinarily you can't run a business on this casual basis but the Journal is more an institution than a business. The profit when McLachlin has successfully juggled his production and shipping costs is roughly one cent a copy, or a couple of hundred dollars a month. It's too much to ignore and too little to take seriously. The only thing McLachlin fears is success. If he sells many more copies his production costs will go up. "Eventually I'll probably have to make a choice," he says, "either to offset production costs by raising the price or establishing an advertising department — or just go out of business."

JOAN ALLEN



Kids marching: the new spectator sport we're all paying for

A FITNESS FESTIVAL involving athletes from every province is booked for the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto on Labor Day, and I am awash with gratitude that this date has been made known well in advance. Who could ask for a fairer chance to get as far out of town as possible?

This fitness festival is designed to remind you and me that we're in one hell of a fix, physically. Frankly, one thing I can do without is yet another reminder that we're not a race of Amazons, but it's hard to find peace.

For me, I have nothing against fitness. I've said it before and I'll say it again: it would not bother me if a daughter of mine married a man hooked on fitness. What I do want is a little reciprocation. It's not that I don't want to do pushups; it's that I want them to stop *telling* me to do pushups. People who want to run and jump in their B.V.D.'s, I say let 'em run and jump. I will not bother them, or even say an unkind word about them. Will they kindly show a similar attitude towards my own jealously guarded measurements?

No, they won't. Take this fitness festival for example. Our poverty-stricken federal government, digging up five million dollars last fall so that we could all have barrel chests, or what ever handed the money over to a group it christened with typical governmental brevity and euphony the National Advisory Council on Fitness and Amateur Sport. This bunch, comporting itself in a manner calculated to capture the indifference of millions, decided to invest $50,000 on a suet display on Labor Day in Toronto. The Ontario government, which had given earlier indication that it was on the brink of insolvency by imposing a three per-cent sales tax on its constituents, threw in $12,500, and so did the Exhibition board itself. That made $75,000.

The show will consist of a four phase program: a parade, an afternoon grandstand show, a lakefront water and camping show, and a spot demonstration show. "For the parade," says Harry (Red) Foster, one of the committee members, "we could have kids from all over Ontario, plus at least 10 youngsters from each province in Canada."

Now there's a scene to reassure the taxpayers: kids marching. Can't you feel it, right here?

Friends, it doesn't end at the CNE in Toronto. Foster says enquiries have been received from Vancouver's Pacific National Exhibition (possibly requesting Orient boat sailings) and from Calgary. "We can foresee," he says, "this type of program being carried on simultaneously throughout Canada."

Why? Surely the whatsitsname, the National Advisory Council, doesn't seriously think people will sit still to watch kids spinning hoops or



Spectator Trent Frayne: an anti-Fitness Festival fit

people leaping around, camping and softballing and canoeing and square-dancing. I mean, there *are* only two parents per performer, aren't there? These things have spectator appeal only if it's hot and you've got sore feet.

If the show's for the benefit of the participating athletes, I hope they'll enjoy it, although 75,000 seem like a lot of dollars for one day's canoeing. It would buy a lot of paddles for a lot of kids' camps, for instance, or even provide a few hockey sticks in a number of neighborhoods next winter.

Anyway, let's not our kids the fitness people have in mind when they call us a nation of physical nincompoops, it's us, you and me. The kids are already playing softball and pitching tents and—ugh—dancing. It's us the alarmists are after. James Worrall, president of the Canadian Olympic Association, makes it crystal clear. "The festival," he says, setting new records for optimism, "will focus public attention on physical fitness."



NEW MOVIES

CLYDE GILMOUR

Togetherness wins again!

COMEDIES for the presumably undemanding midsummer public have been rolling from the conveyor belts on both sides of the Atlantic, but most of them have been disappointingly shortweight commodities.

Even in a generally engaging specimen such as Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation, a paralyzing air of caution and fainthearteduess often takes the edge off the fun inherent in a valid basic idea. James Stewart is the title-role holidayer, a happily married Missouri banker. He and his wife (Maureen O'Hara) are middle-aged but still frisky, and a "second honeymoon" in some secluded spot is his fondest wish. Instead, his spouse gaily and relentlessly arranges for them to spend two weeks in a ramshackle beach house with their painfully shy teen-age daughter, their TV-addicted urchin son and their two married daughters and *their* families. One of the younger husbands is unemployed and moody; the other, a supercilious intellectual, flirts openly with a local bikini girl and twits his in-laws about their folksy philosophy.



James Stewart as Hobbs, the caution is paralyzing

Nunnally Johnson's screenplay, based on a novel by Edward Streeter, has some wry and pointed things to say about the All-American Togetherness approach to contemporary living. But Henry Koster's direction constantly emphasizes the studio's basic belief in the very things the story seems to be trying to satirize, and even the script itself flusilly takes refuge in similar appeasements. Stewart's deft and restrained performance is an asset throughout.

Boys' Night Out, starring Kim Novak, likewise sets out to be one sort of comedy and winds up being something quite different—not only less "naughty" but less funny.

The plot centres on four commuter-train chums (three married men, one bachelor) who collectively hire a love-nest apartment. They plan to take turns in using it for spare-time amours. By one of those incredible but inevitable coincidences which crop up so regularly on the screen, the blonde cutie they employ as "hostess" is secretly not a Bad Girl at all but is only posing as one. She is a serious-minded sociology student preparing a Ph.D. thesis on Adolescent Sexual Fantasies in the Adult Suburban Male.

Despite their stag-party leers, all four of the co-op Don Juans are wholesome lads at heart. The bachelor (James Garner) yearns sedately for the altar. One of his married buddies (Tony Randall) does nothing but talk about his career on Madison Avenue. One is enchanted by the siren's cooking, and the other is easily sidetracked from the boudoir when she gives him a chance to display his fix-it-yourself skills with a broken hi-fi and other defective gadgets.

There are fleeting gluts of wit in Boys' Night Out and an assured comic performance by actor Randall. But Miss Novak's bovine stolidity is a disadvantage, and the script by Ira Wallach blandly disregards the ironic implications planted in the beginning of the story line.

The Joker, known as Le Farceur in its native France, may well offend those Canadians who insist that all transgressions against conventional morality be "punished" on the fictional screen. Less hidebound customers will find rich merriment in this outrageous romp by writer-director Philippe de Broca. It tells of an irrepressible Parisian playboy (Jean Pierre Cassel) who is equally devoted to his chamber-music bassoon and his city-wide roster of hospitable *femmes*.

Also showing

□ HELL IS FOR HEROES: Don't be misled by satirist Bob Newhart's presence in the cast. His role is a small one and the film is anything but a comedy: a grim, war drama about the fighting in Belgium in 1944. The central character is an embittered loner who thrives on combat but begins cracking up when the pressure is off. Steve McQueen plays the role with glassy-eyed intensity but nothing is ever revealed about the environment which shaped his tortured psyche.

□ LONELY ARE THE BRAVE: An interesting and unhackneyed modern age western. Kirk Douglas appears as an individualistic cowhand who becomes a fugitive from justice—and learns the bitter truth that one man and one horse are no match for today's mechanized enforcers. Memorable support is given by Walter Matthau as a sheriff in whom vigilance, humor and compassion are nicely blended.

□ AND THESE are worth seeing: The Day the Earth Caught Fire; The Counterfeit Traitor, Jack the Giant-Killer (for children); The Miracle Worker; A Taste of Honey.

THE SCENE

ROSS McLEAN

□ FOR SEVEN SEASONS Max Ferguson has asked questions for a living—as host of Gazette in Halifax, member of Tabloid in Toronto, and for the past two years as the resident male on Open House. When this sanctuary for afternoon uplift closed its eight-year lifespan on June 27, it left Ferguson uncertain of any TV work this fall, aware that he may never conduct another television interview anywhere again, but bearing up under it. "It's the least creative, most frustrating job of all," he says. There ought to be, he thinks, a better use for him in television than asking questions whose answers he either already knows or could get along without.

If Ferguson were CBC president—which is like saying if Charlotte Whitton were Maggie Muggins—he'd find himself a conversation show: some suitably formless forum for agreeable disagreement, and settle into it. Or a place on-screen for his Rawhide repertoire company. Now that electronic advances permit combining prerecorded and "live" characters, Ferguson could talk to himself as easily on TV as he has always done on radio.

Radio, by the way, is where he will be found in the fall. CBC is scheduling a daily half hour of Ferguson's irreverence in the morning, turning the calendar and his career back a decade and a half, to where he started.

□ ONE THING Arthur Hailey withheld from his rapt audience at the annual convention of the Canadian Authors Association earlier this summer in Edmonton was how to earn $400 a week by not writing a line. It's a trick Hailey himself has mastered, although he's not quite sure how. First, you must write a television play about nurses for a New York producer. Then that producer must decide to launch a whole series of television plays about nurses. If he is an honorable man—and Herbert Brodkin, the original producer of Hailey's Diary of a Nurse, is—then he will automatically arrange to mail a weekly check for $400 to you. Hailey hasn't had to write a word or even watch an episode.

□ WHETHER YOUR TELEVISION AERIAL treasonously plucks a U.S. channel or two out of the air or delivers only the domestic product, there's plenty of late-night company coming this fall to sweep aside the ghostly brigades of bygone movie stars who have monopolized midnight for the last 15 years. Talking visitors in droves are bidding for your bedtime. On NBC there's box-shaped Johnny Carson ascending the abdicated throne of Jack Paar; Westinghouse Broadcasting Company vies for viewers with the owlish Steve Allen who returns to a nightly program newly burdened by delusions of intellectualism and pangs of citizenship, qualities North America may find more ho-hum than ho-ho. In Canada, Pierre Berton risks an ever thinning spread of his talents by syndicating 60 minutes a night of himself and his guests. On CTV, Bill Brady, a Toronto talk jockey who answers telephones for a career, is running a nightly collection of music and comedy called Network, a title that may be trying to prove something. CBC is letting sleeping viewers lie and confining itself for a third year to one late show a week, The Midnight Zone. Its host is Larry Mann, a gifted comic actor of globular shape and square manner.



Can you be sure it's safe? A glass of water. You pour it, drink it, offer it to your children—you take it for granted that it's safe. Yet only a few years ago, drinking water was often teeming with harmful bacteria. Today, chemicals help make municipal water supplies safe and pure. These must be applied with precise care and in exact proportions. Canadian Industries Limited supplies water-purifying chemicals to cities, towns and villages across the nation. But C-I-L's interest does not end with delivery of the chemicals. To help municipalities in their use of chemicals, C-I-L technical service people regularly consult with town engineers. The result of this teamwork assures that your drinking water can safely be taken for granted. This is an example of C-I-L working in partnership with the community. Another reason why C-I-L is known as well for the things it does as for the things it makes.

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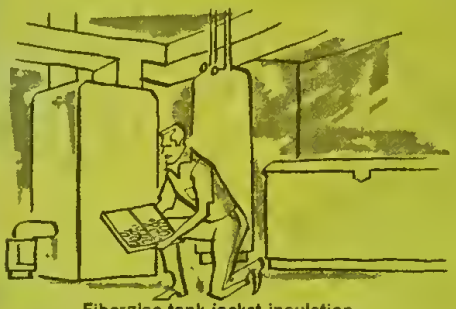




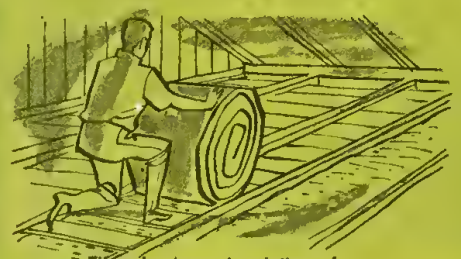
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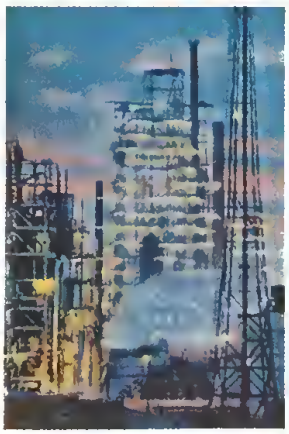
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